

The Chicago Jewish

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The Imperishable Record

of an Infamy *Michael A. Musmanno*

The Yiddish Art Theatre *Leonard Benari*

The American of Mexican Descent . *George I. Sanchez*

Rembrandt, as Painter of Jews *Alfred Werner*

The Jerusalem Concerto *Herbert Zvi Soifer*

Indian Segregation

in Mississippi *H. Kirkland Osoinach*

Recent Trends in

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From Sages, Chroniclers and Scribes

Anti-Slavery Poetry *Lorenzo D. Turner*

Multilingual Jewish Literature *A. A. Roback*

Cooper's Wooden Indians *Warren S. Walker*

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The Imperishable Record of an Infamy*

By MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO

WHEN I DECIDE to read a book by an author unknown to me, I never peruse the jacket to learn about the author. I am not interested in who he is; I want to know if he has anything to say and how he says it. If he holds my attention until the end, then I will take in his biographical sketch and glance at his picture. Thus, I paid no attention to the photograph or the curriculum vitae of Raul Hilberg as I picked up, for the purpose of acquainting myself with its contents, his 765-page book, *The Destruction of the European Jews*.

The book commanded my interest; it did more than that—it aroused my admiration and I asked myself how old must have been the person who undertook so gargantuan a task of gathering, organizing, and analyzing thousands and thousands of unindexed documents and then writing a book which might or might not be financially successful. (How many will buy a book which sells for \$17.50?) Still, without glancing at the jacket, I conjectured that the author had to be a man in his sixties, retired, cloistered, and content to do a book which had to be written, but which no young man might attempt.

One day, before I finished the volume, someone turned it over on my table and when I sat down to work and saw the picture, I was sure that this could not be the author of the book I was reading. He was too young. I now glanced at the sketch of his life and noted that he was 35 years of age (he looks only 25), and I saw also that he had served in the United States 45th Infantry Division in Germany and that, in Munich, he interrogated Germans, "living in abandoned apartments and looking out upon the shattered Reich."

Raul Hilberg was only 22 when he began

his labors. Thirteen years passed before he could lift into place the keystone of the arch of tribute which he has raised over the martyrdom of the European Jews. The book is not a book on the Jews, as he explains in the Preface—it is a book about the people who destroyed the Jews; but in telling us about the destroyers we cannot help thinking of those who were destroyed, those who fell beneath the dagger, the bullet, the strangulating gas, the searing flames, and the drowning waters. They were martyrs—these six million—and they died because the world was indifferent. And the world owes them not only flowers and regrets but the resolution, supported with law and police power, that this must never happen again.

It is now obvious to me that the stupendous task of compiling and writing this book required just the kind of person Raul Hilberg is. An older person could not have finished the job. The strain on the emotions and the sensibilities would be too much. But a young vigorous man could for thirteen years study the documentation of a crime which baffles the intellect, staggers the senses, and makes of the human spirit a sky-high interrogation point. The theme of this documentation was nothing less than the gigantic plan which was to employ men, machinery, and equipment to destroy all the Jews in Europe, estimated at the infamous Wansee Conference as eleven millions.

I was one of the judges at Nuremberg. I sat on three cases: Slave Labor, Concentration Camps, and the Einsatzgruppen. There were days when the evidence of torture, atrocity, and mangling murder was so revolting, so fantastically incredible, and so insanely inhuman that I had to suspend Court to get a fresh hold on myself in order to go on listening with the neutrality and

* *The Destruction of the European Jews*, by Raul Hilberg, Quadrangle Books, Chicago, 765 pp. \$17.50.

dispassionateness indispensable to a proper judgment.

I say I was a judge in three cases, but there were nine more, in addition to the first I.M.T. trial. I often wondered whether the day might come when someone would have the patience, the vitality, and the fortitude to examine all the documents which were presented at those thirteen trials and the many thousands which were not, and, within the covers of one book, relate the whole story of the most momentous, the foulest, and the ghastliest crime in history.

It is apparent that someone did have just that kind of vitality and patience and that someone is the author of the book of which this purports to be a review. I say "purports" because it is impossible within the limited space of a magazine to give the kind of review which this book warrants. It is 765 pages long, but it is longer than that because each page is divided into two columns each of which might cover an ordinary printed page. The type is large, clear, and distinct and the book contains many tables and diagrams. I am glad it is not illustrated. Pictures would detract from the scholarliness of the work.

No one who wants to understand and especially to write and speak on the holocaust of the European Jews can afford to be without this book in his library. It is perhaps more a reference work than a straight-reading book, although if one can steel his nerves sufficiently, there is no reason why he cannot start with page 1 and read straight through to page 765. If he does, he will be able to hold his own, in knowledge and depth of understanding of the holocaust, with any expert in the whole field of war crimes and crimes against humanity committed during the entire nefarious, murderous Nazi regime.

Hilberg begins with a brief account of anti-Semitism through the ages; he calls this chapter "Precedents." Then he moves to the second chapter, entitled "Antecedents," which discusses the rising winds, the darkening skies, the dropping of temperature in Germany in anticipation of the tempest

that was to break in a satanic fury of human destruction never experienced before in the whole history of mankind. Chapter III is called "Scope and Organization," which explains itself.

The book is divided into four parts. In the second part, which he calls "The Destruction Process," the storm of despoliation breaks. Then in "The Destruction Process II," we behold the savagery and the butchery of the "Mobile Killing Operations" (the *Einsatzgruppen*). And then in what he terms the "Killing Center Operations," he relates what could never be believed except that the records were kept by the very persons who directed and operated the slaughter.

Perhaps the best way to read this book is to take it in installments. Although its various chapters, sub-chapters, and sections all weave into one continuing, unswerving pattern of interest and excitement, the hundreds of tragic episodes can be isolated and absorbed wholly apart from the rest of the book. I particularly recommend the story of Eichmann's offer in Hungary to exchange one million Jews for ten thousand trucks. For devilry at its peak, for criminal deception at its worst, for cruel cynicism at its ultimate, for inhumanity at its perigee, and for brutality of spirit without compare, this offer of "blood for goods and goods for blood" cannot be surpassed.

Hilberg estimates the number of Jews killed during the Nazi regime at five million. I do not know why he uses this figure except perhaps he feels that he would prefer to understate rather than possibly overstate the case. It may be that the exact number who fell beneath the ax of Nazi persecution will never be known, but there is very little reason to doubt, as I see it, the figures given by Wilhelm Hoettl, who served in Department VI of the RSHA and the *Waffen SS*, and often came into contact with the head of the whole Jewish persecution program, Adolph Eichmann himself. Hoettl gave evidence both at Nuremberg and Jerusalem on this subject. His deposition at the Eichmann trial carried this statement:

As I had always been curious about the extermination plan, and had particularly wanted to hear genuine figures on the numbers exterminated, I took him up on this. To my great surprise, Eichmann responded readily and said that although the number of the Jews exterminated was a top secret, he thought that in the situation in which he then found himself he could tell me, particularly as I was an historian. He then told me that to the best of his knowledge six million Jews had perished, of whom four million had died in the extermination camps and two million at the hands of the Einsatzgruppen or from disease, etc.

Himmler, according to Eichmann, estimated the number of Jews killed to exceed six million. Dr. Salo Wittmayer Baron, Professor of Jewish History at Columbia University, testified at the Eichmann trial that his study and analysis of all the records of exterminations brought him to the conclusion that six million Jews were killed during

the Nazi regime. However, even if Hilberg's estimate should more precisely represent reality, certainly this fact would not diminish by one infinitesimal fractional per cent the enormity, ghastliness, and boundless malignity of the Nazis who committed an offense without parallel not only in history but even in the most extravagant fiction.

If Hilberg should never write another book, or never achieve another noteworthy objective, civilization will still be in his debt for the toil, effort, and pain he expended in giving to sorrowing humanity (in organized and highly readable form) the imperishable record of an infamy which can only be redeemed by a thousand years of good works on the part of all segments of society which permitted this unbearable, heart-shattering hecatomb to occur.

GHOSTS IN LWOW

By EDWARD J. CZERWINSKI

*I left it blank to save pain,
For I scarcely felt her breath
Before she smiled and died.*

*Smiled, the midwife protested,
As if she planned ahead
The ending to her life.*

*I always leave it blank,
Inserting, sometimes, Unknown,
Or None (To the best of my knowledge).*

*Such cruel hunger faces wear,
Greedily jibing, Where? Where?
Surely, someone took her in.*

*I never carry photographs.
But it was a place she loved;
She tells me every night.*

*This is the nearest I can say:
My father was born in Lwow;
My mother, a lover's look away.*

The Yiddish Art Theatre

By LEONARD BENARI

THE DEATH OF MAURICE SCHWARTZ, reigning king of the Yiddish stage, in May, 1960, brought to a close one of the most exciting chapters in American Jewish history. For over eight decades the Yiddish stage, a virtual newcomer in the theatre world, had greatly influenced the American stage and played a vital role in shaping Jewish cultural traditions throughout the world.

It was among the first theatres in America to produce classic European theatre with any artistic pretensions and a pioneer in the presentation of serious drama growing out of the American soil. Its early experiments with stark realism and poetic symbolism preceded those of Eugene O'Neill by more than a quarter century and, as such, served as an academy of dramatic art for many leading artists of Broadway and Hollywood.

The high-water mark of Yiddish theatre in America was reached by Maurice Schwartz with the organization of his Yiddish Art Theatre in 1918. A flamboyant thespian and master showman, Schwartz bridged three significant worlds of theatre: European, American, and Yiddish, to make Second Avenue a Mecca for the Jewish theatre-goer and a training ground for American actors, directors, scenic designers, choreographers, and lighting experts.

While he erred at times on the side of the spectacular, he provided striking performances, excellent stylization, and vivid backgrounds in his productions that influenced the tastes of three generations of world audiences.

From its very beginnings the Yiddish Art Theatre became the only repertory company of artistic pretensions in America. It won the unique position of having more productions to its credit than any other theatre in the world. Its repertory of one hundred and sixty plays has never been equalled.

An ambitious young actor from the Yiddish stage, Schwartz organized a group of talented young rebels into an ensemble acting company at the Irving Place Theatre in New York to form the Yiddish Art Theatre. This group, which included Celia Adler, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Ludwig Satz, had dedicated itself to raise the standards of dramatic art on the Yiddish stage. To understand the significant position Schwartz attained for Yiddish dramaturgy during his thirty-two years' directorship of the Art Theatre, we should, of course, know where it all began.

The Yiddish Theatre in America began with a joint collaboration between the "Purim Shpieler" (medieval Purim player), the "Badchan" (old world humorist), and the "Chazzan" (cantor), in a secular type of Jewish folk entertainment. Its product was a Yiddish-style music-hall, variety-show combination of moral preachings, slapstick comedy, and secularized synagogue music. This old type of Yiddish Theatre became popular in the 1880's among the new masses of Eastern European immigrants. Those early arrivals were a fearful and pious lot. There were few intellectuals and idealists among them. They came here with a simple dream of the "Golden Country"—to find a place where they could live in peace, earn a living, and be free to follow their traditions.

When they arrived, the earlier generation of German Jews brought them straight from the docks to the garment centers of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago to slave long grueling hours in the "sweat shops" for subsistence wages. Poverty and social exclusions forced these immigrants to live in filthy ghetto slums.

Earning a living left little time for the preservation of tradition. Trapped in a dilemma, the Eastern European immigrants turned to the Yiddish theatres as a tem-

porary means of escape from reality. Here was a resort bright with lights and strident with colors where they could spend an evening forgetting the drudgery of the shops and the market places. Here they could find expression for their discontent in terms of light, witty irony of which Jews are so fond. In the theatres they were free to laugh at the feverish anxiety over life and at their sensitivity to the Hebraic traditions of sex, paradoxically mixing frankness with mysticism which made them alien to the puritanical society of America.

After the theatre they joined "comrades" as habitués of some favorite coffee "parlor." There a popular literary figure or "star" officiated at his table as at an altar leading his worshipful admirers in talking "shop," posing, sneering, joking, romancing, fawning, and flattering until the gray light of dawn. The habitués of the coffee "parlor" formed cliques of "patrioteers" for their favorite stars and, like the "patrioteers" of the English stage in the 1880's, often fought in the streets over the honor of their idols.

While sharply divided in their opinions of their favorite actors' artistic abilities, these antagonistic "patrioteers" differed slightly in their tastes and standards for the theatre. Primarily, the old Yiddish stage was dedicated to sticky melodrama of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" variety—with a Jewish twist. Its creative inspirations were derived from current American models: vaudeville, melodrama, burlesque, minstrel shows, and the Follies. "Piesen" (plays) were slapped together by inferior hacks who substituted American black-face, straw-hat, and cane and flag waving with "gabardines," "sheitles," beards, and Torahs. Musical scores were composed from synagogue melodies flavored with Russian folk tunes and Italian operas.

The first significant step forward in the development of American Yiddish drama took place in 1887 with the arrival of Abraham Goldfaden. Goldfaden, the founder of the first permanent Yiddish theatre (in Jassy, Roumania) introduced a new type of historic folk operetta. His themes, mainly biblical, were developed into scanty plots of

little analysis, plenty of sentiment, and a goodly mixture of songs.

Goldfaden spread a sense of romance and heroism over the ghetto that won him the title of "Father of the Yiddish Theatre" over the popular musical comedy star Boris Thomashevsky. His operettas, such as "Shulamit," "The Two Kuni Lemels," and "The Witch" remain the "East Lynns" of Yiddish repertory to this day; while his melodies, like "Rhozinkes mit Mondelin," have attained the popularity of folk tunes.

By the 1890's Yiddish theatre-goers had become caught up in the Americanization process and began to out-grow its taste for the trite fare. However, the introduction of Jacob Gordin's social plays gave it a new lease on life. With iconoclastic vigor he broke the tyranny of the star system and the traditions of free improvisation by the actors in the Yiddish theatre instilling a greater respect for the dramatist's text.

His themes had their boiling point in the hearts of his audiences dealing with the breakdown of the traditional Jewish family and the disintegration of Eastern Jewish morality in a materialistic society. Gordin's emphasis in delineation of character and his penchant for the poetic symbolism of Peretz and Hirschbein exerted an important influence in the shaping of Maurice Schwartz's career. "The Jewish King Lear" and "God, Man, and Devil" were among Schwartz's early successes and remained models for the type of roles he was to favor throughout his career. In spite of Gordin's popularity and the successes of his two more able disciples, Libin and Kobrin, his influence did not survive his death. The Yiddish theatres returned to producing the old comic operettas.

Yet, in all fairness, it should be stated that some good did still exist. While its general run of showings was trite and vulgar, many of its performers—Mogulesco, Kessler, Adler, and Bertha Kalish—are considered in theatrical annals as among the world's finest actors. Now and then a serious play was produced and Broadway took note of the occasion.

In a review of the development of the Yiddish Theatre in America a sharp parallel with the English-speaking stage is evident. Serious drama had a long and bitter struggle here for recognition in the face of an overwhelming demand for light entertainment. The prevailing low standards of American theatre were a result of the peculiar nature of its commercial aspects. Unlike the European theatre, which was generally subsidized by either the government or art patrons, the American was chiefly financed in the spirit of a gamble for quick profit. Managers in the old Yiddish theatre now and again presented serious plays since an occasional appeal to the intellect was deemed respectable to Jewish audiences.

One of the biggest stumbling blocks to the development of a more ambitious theatre on the old Yiddish stage undoubtedly was the benefit system of ticket selling. This system, which has been carried over to Broadway in recent years (much modified, thank Heaven), has remained a mainstay of Yiddish theatre financing down through the years. To insure sufficient audiences during week-day performances, managers sold out the house to various organizations and institutions. Not only did the seats become the property of the "committee" on the night of its benefit, but the selection of the play as well. Members who were taxed with the sale of tickets pushed them indiscriminately onto bosses, co-workers, pious aunts and uncles, parents, immigrant relatives, and children of friends and family. The old pious Jews came to scoff at the heresy, not so much out of spite, but because it seemed a sin to waste the price of the tickets. Immigrant relatives and townsmen came in awe, and for the children it was all a three-ring circus.

Creating a picnic atmosphere, the audience brought along a "nosh": salami sandwiches, boiled chicken, fruit, Indian nuts, and pistachios. At the fall of each curtain, speakers from the committee took over the spotlight to harangue for their cause. At intermission the chairman presented an award to the member who had sold the most

tickets and announcements of future meetings, births, deaths, and anniversaries were made after the final curtain call.

Broad-mannered histrionics and milking a comic line or gesture to the last drop made a performer's reputation with the benefit crowd and became his mark of identification on the Yiddish stage. With the outbreak of the first World War in Europe such performances increased in the Yiddish theatre, while otherwise regular playgoers turned with increasing numbers to the Follies and vaudeville on Broadway. Second Avenue hit a new low in both its standards and patronage by Americanized and intellectual audiences.

In the Fall of 1918 Maurice Schwartz and a group of young insurgents banded together to raise the theatre's standards. Schwartz, a go-getter with dogged ambitions for his personal artistic pretensions rather than a finished artist, was determined to make good theatre pay at the box-office.

Born in Sedlikov, Russian Ukraine, in 1887, Schwartz had little education outside the "cheder." He got his first taste of theatre at the age of eight through his choir-master, Laibele Bass, who in later years won fame at the Berlin Opera as Leopold Miller. Bass trained his young singers in arrangements of theatre tunes along with their cantorials.

When he was eleven, Schwartz's parents had to leave him in London on their way to America since they lacked the money for his passage. The waif haunted the Yiddish theatre world of London's East End for both his spiritual and physical warmth. Two years later he joined his family in America, but found little to interest him in his father's rag business. He studied for a short time at the Baron de Hirsch School on East Broadway (New York) and later with a German tutor. Primarily, he played hooky, spending his time at the vaudeville houses and theatres on the East Side.

After the show he would join the older habitués of the Second Avenue "coffee-and-cake" cafes and recite popular roles of the day for the amusement of the reigning "star"

surrounded by his fawning satellites. He soon became a member of an amateur Jewish drama club and began to entertain at "workers' meetings. In his desire to improve himself and learn enough stagecraft to fulfill his ambitions, Schwartz drove himself tirelessly.

Foremost in his Pantheon of theatrical gods were the great tragedian David Kessler and Zigmund Mogulesco, the brilliant comedian. For seven years he served his apprenticeship in stock companies, playing Baltimore, Chicago, and Philadelphia until Kessler brought him to New York for the opening of his Second Avenue Theatre.

Preparing for the opening of his Art Theatre, Schwartz had a sudden change of heart from his earlier artistic ideals. Afraid that the experiment would fail and that he would lose the monies of his backers, he decided to modify the repertory to tried-and-proven successes of the old Yiddish stage. After the failure of his first four offerings, Schwartz yielded to the insistence of his company and risked a play by the eminent Yiddish poet-symbolist Peretz Hirschbein. The results of his play "Farvorfen Vinkle" were magic. The production was applauded by the critics and made a fortune for the theatre. Following this Schwartz always raised his own capital and broke absolutely with the old theatre traditions.

At the opening of the second season Jacob Ben-Ami and Emanuel Reicher left Schwartz to organize their own company, but the venture failed financially, and after two seasons was forced to close. Schwartz seized the opportunity to reunite this company as the Yiddish Art Theatre.

While more than a dozen Yiddish theatres still thrived on the old type of "schund" (operetta) after the war, their existence was precarious, partly because of the closing of immigration and the lack of new audiences. Then, too, the older generation was turning away in the process of rapid Americanization.

Schwartz began to capitalize more and more on his flamboyance and lavish productions of European classics and English read-

ings of Sholem Aleichem, Asch, Peretz, and Pinski. He also promoted many new playwrights of outstanding talent: Ossip Dy-mov, "Bronx Express"; Halper Leivick, "The Golem" and "Rags" among other great plays; Harry Sackler's "Yizkor" and Rosenfeld's "The Rivals," which brought America into prominence as a world center for Yiddish culture.

Interest in the Jewish drama grew among the non-Jewish as well as the Americanized Jewish supporters of the Art Theatre movement of that time represented by The Theatre Guild, The Provincetown Players, and the Washington Square Company, et al. Schwartz saw in this an opportunity to promote himself on Broadway. However, his over-absorption in his own artistry disenchanting the audiences.

At the end of 1924 Schwartz embarked on a successful tour of Europe and upon his return he again moved his company to Broadway, attempting to capitalize on the favorable reviews he had received abroad. Once more he failed to meet success with either his English translations of Jewish plays or his productions of European classics. Most notable of his achievements "Uptown" was his introduction of a brilliant young actor named Muni Weisenfreund, who later won fame in Hollywood as Paul Muni.

Schwartz returned to Second Avenue denounced as a renegade in the Yiddish Press, but his masterful touch in producing the traditional quickly regained for him his former sovereignty.

However, what he could not do for himself on Broadway, he did for other members of his company. Among the actors and actresses that have come forth from his theatre to win world-wide prominence are Stella Adler, Paul Muni, Michael Rosenberg, Joseph Buloff, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Menasha Skolnik.

He offered a haven to Leo Bulgakov, the prominent director of the Moscow Art Theatre, and many artists fleeing earlier Soviet persecution, as he did later for refugee artists from Nazi Germany. Michel Fokine,

the pre-eminent European choreographer, worked with Schwartz for many years and Boris Aronson, the Broadway scenic designer, had his training at the Yiddish Art Theatre. For all his notorious egocentricity, Schwartz imported, at enormous personal expense, the greats of the theatre world to glorify the theatre with which he was so closely identified.

As an actor, Schwartz was unsurpassed for his grasp of character portrayals and had a positive genius for impersonation. Yet, at times, he became so lost in a labyrinth of character delineation that it bordered on the vulgar.

In 1926 Schwartz realized his ambition to house his company in his very own theatre. Writing on that occasion, John Mason Brown said:

The Yiddish Art Theatre is one of the few playhouses in New York that have shown a steady humility in their approach to the theatre . . . to wish success to its director and its players on the opening of this new venture is only to wish success to one of the notable theatre organizations of New York.

In considering the achievements of the Yiddish Art Theatre, the fact remains that it was the only such repertory company of artistic pretensions in the history of the American theatre. As such, its organization differed completely from the producing machinery of the American stock companies and that of Broadway.

Artists were engaged for the season and kept in constant production of new plays whether or not they had met with earlier success. In fact, at the very time a box-office hit was showing, a new play was being rehearsed to replace it—perhaps a play of doubtful potential financially. This was the principle of the repertory company—to make popular plays pay for those of more limited appeal or for experiments that might fail. Unlike the popular type of American stock company, plays in the repertory were never discarded after their showing, but repeated continually. The pure repertory organization of the Yiddish Art Theatre lasted until the early 'thirties. By that time it had already produced more than one hundred

and fifty original plays, translations, and dramatizations of Yiddish classic literature.

The biggest problem the theatre had to face was in scheduling plays for the season to suit its varied audiences. Plays such as "Rags" or "The Dybbuk" attracted audiences of both immigrants and pseudo-intellectual Americans. Yiddish intellectuals honored the Yiddish and Russian classicists. Ibsen and Hauptmann attracted the Germans; Sholem Aleichem's works drew middle-class American Jews for their "Old World" appeal; Goldfaden's biblical operettas drew large audiences of non-Jewish professionals. College students flocked to productions of Moliere's "Don Juan" and the plays of Lope de Vega.

Famous names were engaged as special attractions rather than as repertory artists. Since only financial considerations held them to the theatre, many great artists were lost to Schwartz when greener fields beckoned. The type of straight actor or stage personality common to the Broadway stage did not exist. The only actor approaching a romantic lead was Schwartz himself, and he alone remained the perennial star repeating his famous roles season after season.

During his entire career he constantly sought equal recognition on the English stage. When his Second Avenue production of Andreyev's "Anathema" won the critics' praise during the 1926 season. Schwartz followed it with a Broadway production retaining only the brilliant young actor, Paul Muni, in his original role as Anathema. The same critics who had found his Downtown production in Yiddish exciting and full of verve panned the English performance as vapid and heavy-laden. Schwartz returned to his old "home" on Second Avenue after a few performances with "costly praise and empty pockets," as he later described the sad experience. To make matters worse, his absence affected attendance at his Art Theatre. His survival during the next few seasons was a tribute to his showmanship. However, competition loomed with the advent of talking pictures and the huge successes of Elmer Rice's "Counsellor-at-Law" and Clif-

ford Odet's "Awake and Sing," two Broadway plays on American-Jewish life much closer to the interests of his audiences.

During the financial crisis in 1929 Schwartz lost his theatre and took his company on an extended tour through Europe, Palestine, and South America. For the next few years they traveled continuously at a time when few theatres in the United States survived the terrible Depression. In 1932, during an engagement in Warsaw, Schwartz hit upon a dramatization of I. J. Singer's famous novel, "Yasha Kalb," and after a successful tryout in Poland, brought the play to New York. It was heralded as a masterpiece of dramatic art and chosen by Actors' Equity for its annual benefit performance of the year. The gifted Polish-Yiddish writer proved a gold mine for Schwartz. He dramatized another of Singer's novels, "The Brothers Ashkenazi" with equal success, but "The Family Carnovsky" and "The Wise Men of Chelm," though well received by the critics, came at the outbreak of World War II in Europe, and American Jews had become too involved to indulge themselves with the atavism of his theatre.

After the war Schwartz attempted to re-establish his theatre, but strong theatrical unions prohibited the costly rehearsals and lavish productions of the past. Unfortunately, they were also dated and lacked interest in the current Jewish problems encompassing new social, cultural, and religious revivals and the dramatic rebirth of the State of Israel. He succeeded, however, in staging an occasional production for "landsmanschaften" in New York and entertained a number of his successful old cronies in Hollywood with English readings of the Yiddish classics, but his main support came from touring the Yiddish cultural centers of South America. Still, before giving up the final identity of the Yiddish Art Theatre, Schwartz made two more spectacular tries to establish himself on Broadway. The first was in 1947 when he produced "Shylock and His Daughter," intending, Schwartz declared, to redeem the good name of the "Jew of Venice."

The New York critics praised both the acting and staging, but the play was not a financial success. Schwartz's last attempt was in his English dramatization of the Brazilian play, "The Hands of Eurydice," which he renamed "Conscience." The evening proved the agelessness of Schwartz's artistic vitality, but the script confused the audience.

Schwartz saw a ray of hope for the revival of the Yiddish theatre in Israel. By 1960, after twelve years of constant siege, the European elements of Israel's population had begun to find time to relax. He staged two successful productions: "Two Kuni Lemels" and "Yasha Kalb," which seemed to restore the dynamic vitality of his youth. The dazzling pace he set attracted even the young fanatic Hebraists to his showings. Although he suffered repeated heart attacks, Schwartz refused to give up his tour. Then, during a rehearsal of Asch's epic drama, "Kiddush Hashem," death struck the ageless artist. Thousands of Israelis, young and old, thronged the streets of Tel-Aviv to mourn the loss of the world's greatest Yiddish actor.

His last request was that his body be flown back to New York for burial. On May 10, 1960 a crowd of his generation stood in front of the Gramercy Park Funeral Chapel on Second Avenue to pay their last respects to the man who had brightened their youth. For the brief period of the service, the Street, which had once been their Mecca of entertainment, was returned to them and in their mourning, the joys of the past found a common denominator with the sorrows of the present in remembrance.

Soon after launching his career as director of the Yiddish Art Theatre, Schwartz married Anna Bordofsky. During the forty years of their marriage, Anna Schwartz subordinated whatever personal ambitions she may have had to accompany the "great actor" on tour and to grace their Greenwich Village apartment in New York. At the close of the second World War the couple adopted an orphaned brother and sister in a home for Jewish D. P. children in Belgium. Schwartz

had hoped to interest his children in the theatre, but the son, Marvin, now twenty-one, has since abandoned the stage for a career in engineering. However, his daughter, Risa, at the age of eighteen, won praise on Broadway for her starring role in Paddy Chayefsky's "The Tenth Man."

Schwartz never identified himself with any particular cause, but catered to the various segments of the Jewish community that made up his audiences. While he sympathized with the Zionist aspirations, he never joined any branch of the movement. Whatever mission he may have had outside his

artistic pretensions are indicated in letters he sent to friends from Israel shortly before his death. In one of these he wrote: "Here I see a hope for the establishment of a center of Yiddish culture. . . ."

Close friends recall with nostalgia the tradition of a Schwartz Friday night dinner party. Although never an observant Jew, Schwartz, together with his wife, son, and daughter, conducted an old world "Shabbos" for their many theatre friends, beginning with the lighting of the Sabbath candles to the Kiddush over wine and ending with the traditional singing of "Zamir."

. . . The goal of the free public school of democratic society has to be the support and strengthening of the common faith in the democratic way of life and thought by the development of habits of thinking and doing which, to repeat Aristotle's phrase, should contribute most to the permanence of the democratic constitution. The trend in free society is to accept the instincts and impulses with which children are born for what they are; to provide them with enchanneling action on the environment that disciplines them into habits by the methods of free inquiry rather than authoritarian rehearsal; and to open up new ways for the continual growth and reconstruction of personal traits and social relations. John Dewey says that the primary business of the school, in democratic society, is to train all the children in cooperative and mutually helpful living. . . .

From *The Education of Free Men*, by Horace Kallen

The American of Mexican Descent

By GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

THERE ARE ALMOST four million persons of Spanish-Mexican descent in southwestern United States, the vast majority of whom are citizens of this country. They began coming here from Spain and New Spain as long ago as the sixteenth century, and have continued to come from Mexico. Unlike such groups as the Italians, the Irish, the Poles, the Spanish-Mexicans of the Southwest are not truly an immigrant group, for they are in their traditional home. As an Indian, the Spanish-Mexican was here from time immemorial; and his Spanish forebears were in this region long, long before John Smith and his fellows pioneered in Virginia. In other words, historically and culturally, he belongs here. That fact has been dramatically attested to by his spectacular loyalty to his country in time of war. There is no need to document here the right of the American of Mexican descent to full citizenship and to an equitable share in the good things associated with the American way of life. There are a vast literature and voluminous records that conclusively support this right and that refute any suggestion that if he doesn't like the treatment he receives here he should go back where he came from.

It should be unnecessary to have to underscore the perfectly elementary concept that we Americans of Mexican descent have the rights of Americans and that, if historical precedence is to be the criterion, our rights and needs have priority over those of other "nationalities groups." In moments of bitterness over the sad state of affairs among our people, we might well point out that we did not ask the United States to come here—that we are, in effect, subject peoples for whose well-being the United States has a very special moral obligation, an obligation that has been most pointedly overlooked.

The Indian, the Negro, the Filipino, the Puerto Rican, and all other peoples in a situation similar to that of the Mexican-American have been the object of our national solicitude, of our sense of social and moral responsibility. Not so the Mexican-American. He has been, and he continues to be, the most neglected, the least sponsored, the most orphaned major minority group in the United States. The conscience of the nation, that of the philanthropic institutions, that of our mass media of communication, and even that of the very public officials who owe their elections to the Mexican-American has not barely stirred over his plight. It is wondrous, indeed, that he has not become permanently embittered and thoroughly disillusioned. His faith in ultimate justice and his hopes for the new day attest to his strength of character and to his devotion to his country.

I do not believe that it is necessary to detail here the facts of the disadvantaged state of the Mexican-American. Reference to the reports of the United States Bureau of the Census will reveal that persons of Spanish-surname in the Southwest are at the bottom of the scale on virtually every criterion measuring health, wealth, education, and welfare. Reference to other standard works will reveal in interpretative detail what the Census reports in cold, monotonous statistics. I have in mind, for instance, the book (*The Uneducated*) by Ginsberg and Bray of Columbia University. In that book the authors analyzed the facts of rejections for educational reasons from the draft of World War II. They found that Texas had the second highest rejection rate for non-Negroes: 63 per 1,000 (the highest state had 64). A dot-map of these rejections makes the southern third of the state (where the Mexican-American population is concentrated) completely

black, while the rest of the state is virtually clear. A similar study by a medical college team found that, whereas Texas had one-twentieth of the national population, it contributed one-fourth of the deaths from infantile diarrhea. Again, a dot-map showed the lower third of the state completely black and the rest clear. Not long ago it was revealed that in Texas the deaths per 100,000 from tuberculosis was 40 for "Anglos," 50 for Negroes, and 160 for "Latin Americans." These fantastic contrasts, these shocking facts are duplicated in years of schooling, in housing, in income. From all of these facts one can draw only a picture that is most dreary, most humiliating.

But this is not all. Come to the Capitol in Austin, Texas, and count the number of persons of Spanish-surname who have positions (and we include janitors) there. Do the same in Washington in the offices of the congressional delegations from the Southwest. Do the same for other state and federal appointments. While no one would be so foolish as to ask for proportionate representation in governmental posts for the Mexican-American, surely the current state of affairs wherein the Mexican-American is almost completely and systematically excluded from governmental appointments is a national scandal. And it is preposterous to suggest that this exclusion is a function of his lack of qualifications!

Here it is well to make special note of the fact that not only are the poor and the uneducated among the Americans of Mexican descent discriminated against, but their more fortunate brethren, those who are much better off economically and much better educated, are in much the same boat in so far as equitable treatment is concerned. This population group has thousands of families who are of the middle and upper classes, who have members that are well educated and highly regarded in virtually all fields of learned attainment but who still find it difficult to compete with colleagues of lesser stature professionally but who are of higher stature, and have preference, because they belong to the dominant group. Just as the

Mexican-American day laborer is given differential treatment in wages, tenure, and advancement, so are his more fortunate brothers and sisters—the lawyers, the doctors, the teachers, the business men, the nurses, and all other Mexican-Americans who are above the stoop-labor level. While, here, I speak only of Texas, it would not be hard to document that in every one of the southwestern states the situation of the educated Spanish-speaking American is not very different from that which prevails in Texas—where we have virtually no state or federal appointments; where a Spanish surname places the applicant "behind the eight ball" in public employment of any kind; and where, in business or the self-employed professions, his name militates against his getting a fair "shake."

In San Antonio, compare the wages paid to Anglos and Latins for the same services at all levels. Then remember that, in a recent session of the Texas Legislature, a measure setting fifty cents as a minimum wage was soundly defeated! Some school systems still try, by devious means, to segregate "Mexicans," and it took a 1954 U.S. Supreme Court judgment to end the practice in some Texas counties of systematically excluding Americans of Mexican descent from juries. The Colorado Supreme Court has had recently to make such a ruling, too. This bill of particulars could be extended on and on to pile fact upon fact, documenting beyond any shadow of doubt that the American of Mexican descent has been treated very shabbily by a country to which he is intensely loyal and by governments and governmental officials he has supported wholeheartedly.

Probably nowhere has the mistreatment of this population group been so flagrant or so devastating as in the field of labor-politics and labor-economics. We have exposed the Mexican-American, time and time again, to the most unconscionable exploitation as cheap labor. During World War I, some of us saw the cattle-car trains loaded with peasants from the interior of Mexico brought to work here as cheap labor in the beet fields

of Colorado, in the mines of Arizona, in the cotton fields of Texas, and in the gardens of California. During World War II, we have seen the hundreds of thousands of "wet-backs" who were permitted to swarm across our southern border to earn as little as 15 cents an hour, to live in the most profound misery, and to create misery for the American citizens whom they displaced. We see, today, the *bracero*, in vastly larger numbers than during the peak of the war emergency, continuing to displace (at 50 cents an hour) his American citizen-cousin and to beget misery for him and for those whom the latter, in turn, displaces. Hundreds upon hundreds of persons commute daily from Mexico to the United States to take jobs that are sorely needed by American citizens who live in extreme poverty because wages are so depressed along the border by that commuter, by the *bracero*, by the wetback. Nowhere in the American scene is there such an uncontrolled and inhuman exploitation of the common man. These, indeed, are forgotten people. Millions of them, strangers in their own homes! In comparison to a recital of the woes of the Mexican-American, Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* is cheerful.

Again, I do not believe that it is necessary here to elaborate upon these unfortunate circumstances or to document their existence. Standard authoritative references will give the reader the facts in detail and will convince him, if convincing he needs, that the picture has not been overdrawn in this brief statement. It is not pleasant for one to expose the misery of his people, and I prefer not to dwell over-long on the details. I feel under compulsion to make the above statement, however, so that the broad reforms that are proposed very briefly below may be placed in proper context.

1. Extensive research has been conducted into the multitude of problems and issues presented by the Mexican-American. There is an extensive literature on the findings of this research. However, there is no truly comprehensive and authoritative exposition of the complete picture of the circumstance

of the American of Mexican descent. There is nothing in that literature like Odum's *Southern Regions of the United States*, nothing like the Hoover Commission's *Recent Social Trends*. This is because the Mexican-American has had virtually no sponsors among the foundations, nor in government. A massive investigation of his condition, and of the circumstances leading to that condition, is urgently in order. To the government, to the philanthropic foundations, or to a combination thereof, this should be a ringing challenge.

2. The American of Mexican descent is, in the main, uneducated. This fact can be documented spectacularly, and there is no point to citing the data here. On the other hand, he constitutes a natural resource, both for the rehabilitation of his people and in other services to his country. That is beyond question—and that, too, need not be elaborated upon here. Further, as subject-peoples, isn't there some sort of special obligation toward the Mexican-Americans on the part of the United States? Why couldn't all of these considerations be fused into a program of Federal aid in the education of Mexican-American youngsters? To serve in government posts, to become teachers of Spanish (or of English in Spanish-speaking countries), to minister to the medical needs of their people, et cetera, et cetera?

It should be emphasized again, however, that there are many thousands of Mexican-Americans who, by the grace of one kind of good fortune or another (usually hard-earned), are not uneducated and who can pull their weight with the best of them in their particular lines of endeavor. These well-educated and experienced persons—lawyers, doctors, professors, pharmacists, accountants, nurses, and others—constitute a reservoir of talent for the immediate needs of the United States in foreign affairs that, otherwise, would take many years to develop. It would be short-sighted, indeed, to ignore this native cultural resource—this strategic advantage in international relations.

3. The Mexican border must be much

more stringently regulated. The perennial free-and-easy dipping into the cheap labor reservoir of Mexico is an intolerable burden on the backs of the Americans of Mexican descent. This recommendation is made without prejudice to our desire that the United States do everything possible to aid in the economic rehabilitation of the people of Mexico. It is also made without prejudice to the rights of growers, businesses, and industry in the Southwest to conduct profitable enterprises. The recommendation is made, simply, in a rationale that is based on the premise that we cannot afford to subsidize the progress of Mexico or that of our businessmen with the misery of the Americans of Mexican descent.

4. The plight of the agricultural migrant worker is a most frustrating one; whether he be Anglo, Latin, or Negro. The Mexican-American is a major victim of this unfortunate phase of our economy. Remedial action to relieve him of the consequences of migrancy and seasonal labor is an imperative. Minimum wage laws, provision of educational opportunities, the reinstatement of the old authority of the United States Employment Service, and many other procedures need to be scrutinized to see how this very difficult and depressing situation can be remedied.

5. The most tangible features of the easily documented misery of our people should be attacked forthwith. It is not possible to give priority to the extremes of the disadvantaged circumstance of the Mexican-American. Health, certainly, ranks high on the list of priorities—infantile diarrhea, tuberculosis, mal-nutrition The conditions revealed by the statistics in this field are intolerable in an enlightened and well-to-do society. So are those picturing the status of the aged, of the dependent, of the widowed and the orphaned. The United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has a ringing challenge in all of these areas.

6. That same Department has broad challenges in the field of Education. What will

it do to capitalize on the Spanish language of our people as a natural cultural resource? What will it do to recruit and train our youngsters for service in foreign parts where their cultural heritage makes their competence particularly significant? Along the same lines, what will our Department of State, and other federal agencies with programs in foreign parts, do to utilize the talents of our Spanish-speaking citizens who are professionals in various fields of endeavor? It is my contention that the cultural and human resources of the Mexican-American, properly cultivated, will redound to the improvement of his people generally as well as to the success of the nation's international program.

Notice should be taken at this point of a fallacious conclusion that has had currency for many years, a conclusion attributed to people in our Department of State and one which, it is said, has determined policy (unofficially): that the American of Mexican descent is not well-received in Latin America, that he may have dual allegiance, and that, all in all, he is a poor risk as a representative of the United States. This is a dastardly canard. Even a most cursory examination of the record would prove that the very opposite is true. For many years, Americans of Mexican descent have operated with resounding success all over Latin America—as educators, as salesmen, as government officials. One wonders about the motivation behind the dissemination of the canard!

7. In mentioning the field of Education one cannot escape the thought that the Mexican-American child would gain greatly from well-planned federal aid to education in the states. Since, educationally, he is low man on the totem pole, the equalization of educational opportunity, on both state and national bases, would improve his educational status. We are not at all frightened by the dire predictions of "federal control." We are much more frightened by the demonstrated irresponsibility of local control in the education of our children!

8. It cannot be emphasized too much that one of the reasons for the neglect of the Mexican-American in the Southwest has been that his own leaders have not been his spokesmen. That is, decisions as to his needs have been arrived at on the basis of the opinions of individuals poorly qualified to make far-reaching judgments about the Mexican-American—and that includes non-Latin officials whom he helped to elect and some of his own people who are, at best, only incidentally concerned over the crises faced by their fellows. We believe very strongly that to understand this population group—its needs, its hopes and aspirations, and its very sense of self—one needs to go to the “grass roots.” Those grass roots, however, include not only the common man, but they include the business and professional men who identify with the common man and seek nothing from him but everything for him. The local, state, and federal elected official rarely fills either role, and it is they who have been called on to speak for the American of Mexican descent. And they have either not known what the true score is, or it has not suited their individual ambitions to read the score correctly. I could name names, but that is not my purpose here. It is my purpose, however, to underline the fact that only the *mexicanos* can speak for the *mexicanos*, and that it would be well to assess very carefully the claims of any individual, *mexicano* or otherwise, who would speak for us.

9. I could specify numerous other areas where I think the millions of Americans of Mexican descent warrant consideration, areas in which claims for them could be made very legitimately and in which opportunities that they present for the enhancement of national prestige could be easily substantiated. I will refrain from any such elaboration, and limit myself to the perfectly simple statement that, were our nation to think only in terms of enlightened self-interest, it would seek the well-being of her citizens of Mexican descent because that would be intelligent, positive, international good poli-

tics. What do the uncouneted millions of under-privileged peoples elsewhere in the world think of the foreign policy protestations of the United States as they learn of the circumstance of these millions of Americans of Mexican descent? We know that our nation does not restrict its international good works to the dictates of mean political advantage; but isn't it fine that human decency at home and international good politics go hand-in-hand as we face the problems of the *mexicanos*, our forgotten people?

There can be no satisfactory concluding statement to an article such as this one which tries the impossible task of portraying in brief space the myriad ills of the Mexican-American, the possible remedies—his current misery, his promise. Maybe it is enough at this point to express the thought that, just as we do and should afford to go to the aid of disadvantaged, under-developed peoples in other countries, we can and should afford to look after our own disadvantaged, under-developed peoples. The conservation of human resources, like charity, too, should begin at home. Let us be good neighbors with the *latinos* across our borders, of course; but, as we mount our good neighborly efforts, let us not forget the *latinos* across the railroad tracks! This, among other things, might just be the proof of the pudding.

“The time to test a true gentleman is to observe him when he is in contact with individuals of a race that is less fortunate than his own.”

Booker T. Washington

Rembrandt, as Painter of Jews

By ALFRED WERNER

VISITORS TO HOLLAND will be looking in vain for the place where the painter Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn was born on July 15, 1606, for the house in the city of Leiden no longer exists, and there is now only a plaque on the site, "Hier werd geboren. . . ." The shabby house on Amsterdam's Rozengracht (No. 184) where he passed away, sick, poor, lonely, and half-forgotten by the art world, on October 4, 1669, is still standing, but we do not know his grave. The parish officials of the Westerkerk, where the funeral service took place, put him down laconically on the mortuary records as "a painter, domiciled in the Rozengracht . . . bier with 16 bearers, leaves behind two children [actually these persons were his daughter-in-law and his grand-daughter]. Fee 20 guilders." The Rozengracht, incidentally, runs into the Prinsengracht, near the house where the Frank family hid from the Nazis during the last war, and the little refugee, Anne Frank, in her hide-out, could hear the bells of Westerkerk.

However, the tourist can, and must, visit the house on 4 Jodenbreestraat, in what, before the Nazi occupation, was the Jewish section of Amsterdam, the stately three-story Renaissance-style building where Rembrandt and his family lived during the years of the painter's success and fame. It is now a museum where many samples of Rembrandt's graphic work are displayed, among them etchings he made to illustrate a book by the famous Rabbi, Menasseh ben Israel. The house, by the way, would have disintegrated completely had not the painter Jozef Israels reminded his fellow-Hollanders of their obligations towards their noblest genius, and succeeded in saving it from ruin.

I knew the neighborhood from the numerous drawings and paintings made by Max Liebermann, a friend of Israels, and an

ardent admirer of Rembrandt. This was Jodenbreestraat (literally, "The Jews' Broad Way"), but where were the pushcarts full of fish or fruit, and where were the Jewish crowds? "The others are in Auschwitz," a stoical second-hand clothes dealer, one of the few Dutch Jews to survive the holocaust, explained to me as I was walking through the erstwhile ghetto, looking for Jewish-sounding names on sign boards and shingles. While the magnificent 17th century Portuguese synagogue survived the war, the other synagogues of the section were badly damaged, and the majority of the ghetto dwellers were liquidated. As for Rembrandt, the Nazis did not know what to do with him. On the one hand, Nazi museum directors removed from the walls his portraits of Jews and hid these shocking "aberrations" in the vaults. On the other hand, attempts were made to ignore the painter's profound interest in everything Jewish. He was "proven" to be a Germanic artist and a protagonist of German culture. I have heard of a Rembrandt movie created by a Nazi director, allegedly based on the life of the painter, but it actually distorts historic truth beyond recognition!

II

Rembrandt was neither a German nor a Jew. (Fantastic claims have, indeed, been made by annexationist Jewish writers who have insisted that Rembrandt must have been, if not a Jew, at least of Jewish origin.) He was a Dutchman, but hardly a Dutch nationalist. He was brought up as a Protestant, but no precise information as to the painter's religious beliefs and practices has been uncovered so far. His few letters do not touch upon such final matters as death, resurrection, immortality, and judgment. In all probability he was reared in the Calvinist church. But biographical details cast doubt

upon his continuance as a member of this church in his mature years. He occasionally attended meetings of the Collegiants and Mennonites—denominations believing in adult baptism and free discussion of the Bible—and he may have become acquainted there with young Baruch Spinoza (who was also interested in these groups). His mother was a pious woman, and her son often portrayed her reading the Bible. While she must have been an orthodox Calvinist, her son's *oeuvre* demonstrates that he cannot have had much taste for the rigor of Calvinism, for the severity of predestination.

Rembrandt makes us think of Spinoza, although outwardly the frugal, delicate, and refined Spinoza may have had little in common with the robust, somewhat plebeian Rembrandt who, until his bankruptcy, lived like a grand seigneur. But there are parallels to be drawn. Rembrandt, though a devout Christian, was a libertine in the eyes of many; he did not go to church regularly; he did not pay dues to any particular denomination; and he dared to live in common-law marriage with Hendrickje Stoffels. Spinoza was persecuted by narrow-minded clergymen and constantly spied upon by enemies eager to find proof that he was an atheist. Yet both men upheld the highest ethical concepts. Rembrandt, successful in his youth, was rejected after his work had become more mature and original, and was little regarded in the late 17th and early 18th centuries; likewise, for a long time it was extremely hazardous even to display Spinoza's books.

Spinoza was dissatisfied with the narrowness of orthodox Judaism as practiced by Saul Levy Morteira, chief rabbi of the Amsterdam Portuguese congregation from 1616 to 1660. Similarly, the independent artist Rembrandt had reason to be wary of Holland's official religion. It was impossible for him to believe that God and the dramatic personae of the Scriptures would be profaned through pictorial representation. Calvinism forbade art to religion in any capacity; hence there was not much demand for religious art. A "Protestant" Rembrandt certainly was, the first to represent in the fine

arts the rebellious creed which had banned the intermediaries between God and man and had called for direct relationships between the Creator and his creatures. Rembrandt was the first to interpret the biblical stories in accordance with his conscience as an artist and as a man.

Did his connection with the Mennonites go beyond occasional attendance at their meetings? Indeed, he might have felt at ease with people who stressed the sanctity of life and refused to lift the sword against their fellow-men who abhorred fanaticism and accepted no authority but the Bible—exhaustively discussed in meetinghouses—and the enlightened conscience.

But Rembrandt's creed could not be limited to Love of God and Love of Man. It also contained a strong mystical element. The term "mystery" is derived from the Greek *myein*, to shut the eyes, and in much of Rembrandt's religious art the artist seems to have "shut his eyes" deliberately in order to perceive, with greater clarity, the inner light. One can speculate on the extent to which Rembrandt's "painterly" style can be traced to a possible saturation with the mysticism of the German, Jakob Boehme. On the one hand, all strokes are interwoven into a complexity into one single movement that cannot be disentangled; all the broken lines are united into a whole to be absorbed in their totality, and the single object has no significance except as part of an integral fact. On the other hand, there is a constant dramatic interplay of planes, of matter, light and dark—just as in the writings of Boehme (promoted in Holland by the societies of Boehmenists) there is the juxtaposition of light and dark to exemplify thesis and antithesis, Good and Evil, God and the Devil. In Rembrandt's chiaroscuro, could the light, concentrating on the central face, mean anything but a symbol of goodness piercing the evil?

We have, alas, no evidence that Rembrandt ever was a Boehmenist. Yet whatever sect he may have joined, so universal is the humanity of his art that it can be enjoyed by Christians of all denominations, by Jews,



Family Group

REMBRANDT

Mohammedans, polytheists, even atheists—all but the most pedestrian materialists. This clearly emerges from the hundreds of paintings, drawings, and etchings on Old and New Testament subjects that have come down to us. As a matter of fact, so often and so lovingly did he deal with Old Testament scenes that some writer even implied, in the face of existing counter-evidence, that Rembrandt preferred the Old Testament to the New. At any rate, the patriarchs Moses, David, Solomon, and others have nothing of the superhuman qualities bestowed upon them by Michelangelo, nor do they suffer from the effeminate sweetness that often mars the figures envisaged by Raphael; they, as well as the Old Testament women, are very believable human figures. Coming to the New Testament, we find no rendering of such ghoulish subjects as purgatory and hell, nor do we find a heaven crowded with angels. Episodes from the childhood of Christ are, on the whole, preferred to Christ's tragic last hours. Earlier masters

had often shown ugly caricatures of Jews torturing Christ, but Rembrandt eschewed this motif; had he treated it, his gentle nature could not have ridiculed a people by burlesque exaggeration or distortion.

Looking around, whatever Jews may have entered his studio—the aforementioned Rabbi Menasseh on account of the illustrations he commissioned, as well as scores of sitters for portraits—had no reason to be repelled by his religious drawings and paintings of Christian themes. In his work there is no room for propaganda. If there is an aureole around Christ's head, it is so faint as to be barely visible; Jesus is a serene, benign teacher. Departing from the idealized figures in traditional religious art, Rembrandt used everyday men and women, often Jewish types discovered in the Ghetto of Amsterdam, for his biblical characters. Unlike his master, Pieter Lastman, he was utterly unconcerned about archaeological precision. His vision of God was most unorthodox. God the Father rarely appears,

but where he does, he is seen as an amiable friend, perhaps appreciating a glass of wine in the company of Adam and some bearded, middle-aged angels. True, his works, so utterly devoid of both ecstasy and pageantry, have a great proselytizing power. But if Rembrandt ever wanted to convert, it is safe to assume that he had no particular creed or special sect in mind. He surely believed in God's power and judgment, but also in man's ability to make decisions for himself, to choose his fate and his way of life. Noting that Rembrandt had represented the stories of the Bible with a nearness to life which suggests that the artist had seen them occur with his own eyes, the Austrian scholar, Otto Benesch, writes:

Life itself was something sacred to Rembrandt, independent of its religious or profane content. Life was to him first of all life of the soul, eloquence and expressiveness of the inner man.

III

Oddly, the young Rembrandt may very well have shared his fellow-Christians' antagonism to the Jews, the "Christ-killers," without giving much thought to it. At twenty-three, painting *Judas Returning the Thirty Pieces of Silver* (in a British private collection), he did not deviate from the traditional conception. In this connection, it is instructive to compare the reaction of an early 17th century writer to that of a 20th century art historian. While the picture was still wet, Constantin Huygens praised the artist for having shown Judas as a hideous, half-insane figure. Ludwig Muenz, however, applauds the artist for having depicted the despised Judas as "a human being worthy of our compassion."

Stagey and devoid of depth and inwardness is *Christ Driving the Money Changers from the Temple* (Museum of Fine Arts, Moscow) when one compares this work of a precocious twenty-year-old with the *Christ at Emmaus* (The Louvre), painted by the artist when he was forty-two and had already experienced his share of tragedy and disappointment. Here, Jesus is not an actor playing the role of an angry God, but a teacher, sitting at the table with two disciples, while

a boy silently serves the meal. Rembrandt used a model with typically Semitic features—probably a young Ashkenazic Jew in a skull cap with suffering, sad eyes and full lips, whose portrait is in the Berlin Museum.

Rembrandt, as we know, achieved real greatness only after 1642, the year of the *Nightwatch*, but also the year in which his beloved wife, Saskia, died, and in which he had his first troubles with customers (the men who had commissioned the *Nightwatch*). Had he died in 1642, or had all of his works disappeared except those of his twenties and early thirties, he would still rank among the great masters of the Baroque—but would he be Rembrandt? Take the early version of *David Playing the Harp Before Saul* (Staedelsches Kunstinstitut, Frankfurt on Main)—it is all large action. The warrior king is seen belligerently grasping his spear which one expects him to throw at the youth. We know quite well the kind of man who painted it from his self-portraits of the same period. In the latter, the young, successful, and worldly artist appears, full of confidence, even with a touch of vanity, wearing a plumed hat or a knight's armour. The features radiate health and self-satisfaction. But we also know the Rembrandt who chose another episode in this biblical drama between an aging man and a youth. In this picture (*Mauritshuis, The Hague*) one perceives the music only, and "action" is confined to Saul's wiping a tear from his eye. Personal tragedy and financial worries had transformed the master. While his indomitable will-power still shines through in the self-portraits he produced about that time, the features in the massive head are ennobled by the stigmata of pain borne with dignity.

IV

I could fill a book with statements made by artists and writers of different ages and nationalities in praise of Rembrandt's portraits of Jews. Hundreds have paid tribute to the artist's ability to fathom, in golden yellows and browns, and in darkened reds, the depth of the Jewish psyche, to observe tensions and torments not only in the faces

of poor Ashkenazic models, but even in the haughty countenances of the elegant Sefardic merchants and intellectuals who had commissioned their portraits. Jozef Israels wrote:

One is almost inclined to say that they [the Ashkenazic models] cannot be beggars, because the master's hand endowed them with the warmth and splendor with which his artistic temperament clothed everything he looked at.

Sir Jacob Epstein loved Rembrandt for his ability to penetrate into the "inner selves" of his sitters, to "reveal their very souls," and he continued: "A beggar in the hands of Rembrandt is some ancient philosopher, a Diogenes content in his tub; a man-servant in a borrowed cloak becomes the King of the East with splendor wreathing him around." There is also the French art historian, Henri Focillon, whose noble essay on Rembrandt has recently been resuscitated by Phaidon Publishers (who used it as a preface to a new volume on Rembrandt):

How rich in wisdom they are, these biblical patriarchs, these old men of the ghetto, representatives of a race that knew best how to enter upon the grandeur of old age and prolong it to fabulous limits!

He enjoyed sketching Jews from the time when, as a young man, he first encountered them in Amsterdam (there was no Jewish settlement in his native Leiden). Among the drawings displayed at the Rembrandt Huis, there are sketches in pen and bistre (a dark-brown pigment) or black chalk of old bearded Jews in long coats, singly, or grouped by two's or three's in discussion. Unless documentary evidence should turn up, we will never know what prompted Rembrandt's particular choice of residence, but only wishful thinking had prompted certain writers to claim that the artist selected the Ghetto in order to live among his most favorite models. After all, the indefatigable master sketched all the various types of people Europe's most prosperous and cosmopolitan seaport attracted, and if he was fascinated by the appearance of Jews, it must be remembered that he also preserved the likenesses of Negroes, of Orientals, of foreign soldiers washed into Holland by the waves of the Thirty Years' War. I am, for

one, convinced that Rembrandt chose the Jodenbreestraat to achieve splendid isolation. At this address he would not be unduly bothered by his utterly prosaic fellow-townsmen, while the Jews would respect a distinguished Gentile's right to privacy.

On the other hand, it is a fact that Rembrandt painted about forty portraits which can be said to be the likenesses of Jews. About a dozen of them are reproduced in Franz Landsberger's volume, *Rembrandt, the Jews and the Bible* that, after being out of print for a number of years, has again been made available by the Jewish Publication Society of America. Reproduced are both the painting and the etching of Dr. Ephraim Bonus. That Dr. Bonus was the family physician at 4 Jodenbreestraat has been claimed (quite recently by Gladys Schmitt in her excellent novel about Rembrandt, issued by Random House), but this cannot be proved. At any rate, Rembrandt must have known the Sephardic doctor quite well. Landsberger reproduces also an etching, made by the master's gifted pupil, Jan Lievens. The latter succeeded superbly in giving us what is believed to be a most faithful rendering of the physician's features. But Rembrandt accomplished more than this, for he "discerns beyond the individual the species, and beyond the species the man. This is Ephraim Bonus; this is the Jew who has experienced centuries of suffering; this is the man who faces and strives to plumb the insoluble mystery of human destiny" (Landsberger).

Dr. Bonus—a small man with an impressive head under the broad-rimmed hat, standing at the foot of the stairs, his arm resting on the end of the balustrade—has provoked a Russian expert on Rembrandt's graphic work, Dmitri Rovinski, to the following meditation:

He descends the stairs after visiting a patient and his features betray preoccupation; has he properly diagnosed the case? Is the remedy prescribed the right one? Perhaps the sick person is one specially dear to him and there seems but little chance of saving him; should he not go back and make a further examination?

All this is very poetic, but only conjecture.

We know nothing about Rembrandt's connections with Bonus. The only other identified Jewish sitter was Rabbi Menasseh (an etching). Ironically, the rabbi's book, *The Glorious Stone, or Nebuchadnezzar's Statue* (the title is in Portuguese), appeared not with Rembrandt's four small etchings, but with inferior work by another man, an unknown artist. The identification of a portrait in the Uffizi Galleries (Florence) with Rabbi Morreira has now been rejected. Titles alone are not sufficient proof that the people who sat for Rembrandt actually were Jews. Many titles were supplied by writers and dealers who freely used the generic title, *Portrait of an Old Jew* (or *Portrait of a Rabbi*)—the same persons who also invented the title *The Jewish Bride* for a marvelous portrait of a young couple in rich garments. (Is the oriental magnificence of their clothes clear indication that these two were Jews? The man lays his hand on his wife's breast—can this be interpreted, as is done by one art

historian, as a "ritual gesture" that points "to the fulfillment of a biblical destiny?")

We do not know whether a female portrait in a Toronto private collection preserves the features of Abigail de Pina, wife of the Sefardic poet, de Barrios, as has been claimed. The attractive lady may not have been Jewish at all (though her nose is very slightly curved). A Sefardi named Diego d'Andrada commissioned Rembrandt to paint a portrait of a young woman. The painter had a serious quarrel with his client, who wanted him to make certain alterations. The picture, apparently, has not come down to us—unless it be identical with the above-mentioned painting in Canada.

Luckily for us, in approximately forty cases the so-called racial features of the male sitters are unmistakably "Semitic"—the small, but curved, noses, large almond-shaped eyes, and crescent eye-brows of the Sefardim, and the often large noses, thick lips, and heavy beards of the Ashkenazim. There was,



Portrait of an Old Jew

REMBRANDT

of course, a vast difference between the worldly and sophisticated "Portuguese" who, easily putting aside whatever religious scruples they may have had, commissioned Rembrandt to immortalize them in their fashionable broad-rimmed hats, white collars, and elegant short cloaks, and the unkempt Ashkenazim, impoverished refugees from Germany and Poland, who sat for the artist only because they badly needed cash. (Apparently, the few coins they received were enough inducement to forget the rigidity of the Second Commandment). But in the last analysis it did not matter too much where they had come from—the noble mansions of Spain and Portugal or some wretched ghetto east of the Rhine—since the artist was far more interested in the melancholy eye they all had, whether rich or poor, well-groomed or clad in rags, for (at least in his years of maturity), Rembrandt was preoccupied with the Inner Man rather than with outer trappings.

It is disappointing that Landsberger neither mentioned nor reproduced the three portraits of Jews in American public institutions: the *Jewish Philosopher* in Washington's National Gallery of Art, the *Portrait of a Young Student* in the Cleveland Museum, and the *Rabbi* in San Francisco's California Palace of the Legion of Honor. For to these splendid pictures, too, might be applied the words of E. R. Meyer, to be found in a Rembrandt volume recently issued by Yoseloff: "The everyday mask behind which his subjects hid themselves is stripped away, and their naked humanity is revealed."

V

Why were a half dozen scholarly monographs about our friend Rembrandt published here during the last ten or twelve months, apart from Miss Schmitt's novel? Why have the museums always been crowded whenever works by Rembrandt have been presented to the public in special exhibitions? What does all of this signify? Simply this—that people, tired of looking again and again at the monotonously vast, near-empty rectangles on view at Madison Avenue gal-

leries, are now again allowing themselves to be stirred profoundly by the Old Master's insight into man's psyche, his visionary power, and—not least—by his tremendous craftsmanship. Apparently, Harvard's specialist on Rembrandt, Professor Jakob Rosenberg, was too pessimistic when, some years ago, he sadly observed that for most people the master's art was "too much out of key with our age of science and mechanization, of intellectual adventure and spiritual homelessness, to have any deep effect."

I am inclined to think that the spiritual climate is now working in behalf of Rembrandt whose workmanship and wisdom and firm sense of order and structure beneath the seeming spontaneity are needed more than ever before as guides in a darkening world. I remember clearly, and with satisfaction, the enthusiasm of young people before works by Rembrandt. Having been exposed to his works, these young people cannot have been the same as they were before entering the exhibition halls. For his creations are bound to arouse people from whatever emotional lethargy they may be afflicted with. He can be a lamp in our darkness, because he proceeded from description to analysis, from showmanship to truthfulness, from story-telling to expressing the mysteries of his inner life—every man's inner life.

Chaim Soutine was one of the many artists fully aware of Rembrandt's liberating genius. He made four pilgrimages from Paris to the Rembrandts in Holland. His biographer, Monroe Wheeler, writes:

Once he sat up all night in a third-class compartment in Amsterdam, went straight from the railway station to the Rijks-Museum, and sat all day long on the bench facing *The Jewish Bride* until every inch of it was indelible in his mind, and when the museum closed, took the train again, all night long back to Paris, to his studio and to whatever work he had in progress.

As a painter, Soutine loved and admired Rembrandt's loaded brush. He was so much haunted by the latter's *Woman Bathing* (National Gallery, London) that he produced a very similar composition, an oil now in the collection of his French benefactor,

Madame Castaing. Nobody has ever rivalled Rembrandt in the clever handling of rich, thick pigment as a carrier of emotion. *Woman Bathing* is a late Rembrandt, though not as late as the *Jewish Bride*. Soutine did not adore the master's earlier works, though—paintings that excelled in the glitter of smooth finish, where the sharp contrast between light and dark was used mainly for melodramatic effects. He was only fascinated by the master's mature work, by the multitude of emotions he could distil by means of juicy color, freely spread in broad-brush strokes. The finest analysis of Rembrandt's technique is, I believe, given in an insufficiently known volume, *Painting, and the Painter's Brush-Work*, by Vojtech Volavka (Prague, 1954), where the author thus evaluates the craftsmanship of the mature master:

It is the most complex brush-work we have yet come across and the richest in the various and contrasting qualities of which it is composed. . . . In the works of his old age impasto and detached brush-work is used to build up layers varying to an almost incredible extent in physical composition and optical effect. Rembrandt's art as a whole provides the widest

est and most highly differentiated range of expressive means and forms of brush-work ever possessed by a single painter. For every student of painting, the art of the great Dutch Master is, as Reynolds said, a great school which he must go through as he must go through a grammar in studying a language.

We who are not artists will do well if we emulate the late Chaim Soutine and make pilgrimages of our own to that great soul-doctor, Rembrandt. Those of us who cannot afford to go to Europe, can view excellent works by him in more than thirty public collections. There are also many splendidly illustrated books at our disposal. But one cannot "roller-skate" through museums, as do too many people. One cannot absorb a Rembrandt at one glance—the artist who, more than any one else, engaged in contemplation. One has to study him. One has to love him—him, the creator of an art which, as Henri Focillon so aptly put it, is "derived from ceaseless meditation on mankind, from powerful exchanges of light and life, and from the mysterious kindness of a human heart."

SEAWALL

By MAUDE RUBIN

*Windy the words that puff and blow
Across the gray and level flow
Of routine day.
The eddying tide
Keep mounting, swirling high and wide;
Storm warnings moan their doom, red lightnings crackle.
Will waves engulf the castled sand
Of this narrow peninsula? This haven land?
No answer comes . . . I watch the gulls take silent flight
Against the clouded west.*

*No answer? Yes . . . I go inside.
My books loom a sheltering seawall where
My wanderings anchor safe at night.
Through time, this wall has stood storm test,
Even hurricane . . .
I climb again
The narrow stairs to the light.*

The Jerusalem Concerto

By HERBERT ZVI SOIFER

COME! LISTEN! Let me tell you a story about Jerusalem. Elsewhere, my story would not be a story but a fantasy, a fairy tale. But, in Jerusalem, ah! In Jerusalem it is a true story. If you know Jerusalem you will recognize it as so.

Of course, you have noticed, in the early morning when people go to work, how the beggars sit. Each one has his own place, his own particular stance or way. In Jerusalem, every beggar is an individualist. And why not? For you and me, perhaps, it would be disgraceful, but, to many in this corner of the world begging is an honorable profession. And, sometimes, I think that maybe it is better to be a beggar in Jerusalem than to have done many other things for money. There are worse occupations than helping people perform the *mitzvah* of charity.

There is one beggar who sits and reads the Psalms all day, blessing every passerby whether or not he receives a coin from him. Another fellow stands and stares, oblivious to the world around him. What he sees I do not know, but, from the look of anguish graven upon his face, I am happy not to share his vision. The terrors of the known world are enough. And then, there's the beggar who refuses to accept less than a shilling—and how he curses anyone daring to offer him less, demanding to know if the by-passer would be willing to undertake a beggar's life for such a pittance.

It is part of our pattern of life. A beggar disappears. Where he goes, what has become of him, you do not know. Soon, another has taken his place, and it is as if he had always been there.

Once, I got to know a beggar of Jerusalem. I mean to really know him—not to just hand him a few coins and go on my way, but to communicate with him and even visit in his home. It is his story I want you to hear.

His name is Rabinovich—Yaacov Rabinovich. It was a morning in early spring, about a week before the Seder night, when I first saw him. (Maybe he was there before, but I first saw him that day.) He had been a tall, sturdy man once. His gaunt, bent frame still held a trace of the vigor he had once possessed. He stood near the foot of Agron Street where it meets King David Avenue. You know the place? (If Agron Street puzzles you, just let me say that it is the new name for the old Mamillah Road and you will know where I mean.) It is the corner at the bottom of the hill, with the King David Hotel and YMCA atop the slope to the right and the park across the street to the left—just a short distance from the Jaffagate, the entrance-way into the old City of Jerusalem. That way is closed now. But someday, with God's help, we'll be able to walk freely about all the streets of Jerusalem again.

So, that was where Rabinovich stood. You may have seen him—gaunt and bent, with an unkempt gray beard, blind behind his dark glasses. Sometimes he stood, leaning against the wall of the building, resting his violin upon his chair. At other times he sat, holding the violin across his lap or leaning it against a leg of the chair. A nondescript, beaten instrument, the violin appeared to be an adequate mate for its owner.

This morning, the morning I first became aware of Rabinovich, he was sitting, his head hanging forward, the violin tucked in under his chin, looking like a picture by Chagall. But it was a motionless picture without any of the joy and fury that infuse Chagall's work. His bow moved across the strings, and on coming closer I could hear a familiar strain, familiar yet unplaceable. Was it an old hasidic *nigun* or maybe something by Bloch? I could not tell. Rabinovich

vich did not play very well. For all I knew he was just doddling on his violin with several themes mixed together. I dropped a shilling into the open violin case which lay at his feet and continued on my way.

I saw him every day after that, and usually he would just be sitting or standing quietly, oblivious to everything and everyone around him. Only rarely would he be playing upon his violin.

Pesach passed. The heat of summer replaced the chill of winter and the glorious blue Jerusalem sky became a permanent fixture overhead. Rabinovich shed the tattered coat he had been wearing and now appeared in a worn and mended suit. A silent figure, aloof from the world! But, at times, the violin would be under his chin and he would be playing his unrecognizable music—sort of a gathering together of different strains without rhyme or reason. Whether or not he played, the violin was always with him.

Now, as for me, I'm not a great music lover. I like a good concert. I listen to the *Kol Yisrael* concerts every Tuesday night if possible, and I've heard the Philharmonic several times. Still, I'm not one of those people who drop everything and go kilometers to Ein-Gev just to hear a concert. I like good music, but I'm reasonable about it.

You must have heard the *Kol Yisrael* Orchestra on the radio Tuesday nights. You know how, every now and then before playing the classics, which comprise their repertoire, they introduce an original work by an Israeli composer. Sometimes it's good. We have our Ben-Haim, Lavry, Sharett, and other composers. Usually, you hear a new piece and you can almost pick out the component parts—30% Russian, 30% Arabic, and 40% classic. An undistinguished, unremembered hodgepodge!

But, this Tuesday it was different. They announced the "Jerusalem Concerto" by an unknown composer, and then, for almost ten minutes, played some of the most beautiful music my tired ears have ever heard. You know how it is. Different music has different moods. Only rarely does a piece of

music capture a place and a time and translates them into a universal song saying something to everyone who hears it. That's how it was with the Jerusalem Concerto. The composer had captured the spirit of this city. The ancient walls—witnesses to so many scenes of anguish and hope—the bright, blue, cloudless sky and the twisting, winding streets; the hasidim in their *strumel* and *kaftan* walking along the street of *Meir Sharim*; and the laughter of the sun and children mingling in a Rehavia playground! These were the scenes that enchanted music called to mind: the golden-hued moon casting a soft, yellow haze over the city at night and the stark contours of the mountains of Moab in the distance; the colors and smells and noises of the open-air market in Mahane Yehuda and the exuberant vitality and confusion of the immigrant quarters in the new Katamons.

This was a brilliant work of art and I rejoiced in that rare joy and jubilation one feels when he suddenly becomes aware that he is experiencing something great. It must be like a stranger wandering through the Louvre and unexpectedly happening upon the Mona Lisa or a Kabbalist in Safad chancing upon the magic number that lifts an edge of the world and enables him to take a glance underneath. The very playing of the orchestra was inspired with the music they were playing, and the Beethoven which followed was pale by comparison.

I wanted to hear the Jerusalem Concerto again. And so did others. True, not everyone in Jerusalem responded to it. Some people lack the gift of embracing life that lies outside themselves; others are tragically insensitive to the values which make existence endurable. But those to whom the Jerusalem Concerto had spoken received its message and the radio station received many letters asking for a second performance. When it came, six weeks later, it was as rich and exciting as upon the first hearing, even more so, for now the ear could pick out certain sounds and marvel at the way the composer used them as he wove his fabric of Jerusalem.

Here was a true wedding of an artist and a place to produce a great work. Here was pure art in its highest form.

It was in mid-summer, the morning following this second performance of the Concerto, that I walked down Agron Street as usual and, as usual, dropped a coin into the violin-case of the blind beggar. It was one of those infrequent times when he was playing his violin; so I stopped for a moment to listen. It was the same sounds I had heard before, but mixed in with the hodgepodge I seemed to hear a refrain from the Jerusalem Concerto.

"Did you hear the concert last night?" I asked the beggar. He ignored me and continued playing. I listened for another minute and then continued on my way.

The kiosk-owner on the corner, where Mamillah meets King David, noticed that I had spoken to the beggar. "It does no good to talk to him," he told me with a shake of his head; "he can't see or hear or talk. The Germans did it to him." I looked back a moment at the pitiful, unkempt figure scraping away on the violin and continued on my way.

Later in the day, as I sat sipping tea at my desk, the thought suddenly occurred to me: If he is deaf, how could that beggar have heard the Jerusalem Concerto? How could he know that melody? I was determined to listen again, the next time I saw him playing, and to find out whether he actually played a tune from the Concerto.

Summer faded into autumn. Everyone in Jerusalem became busy cleaning and scrubbing before Rosh Hashanah. Then, one morning, I saw Rabinovich again playing his violin. I stopped to listen. Out of the painful expression of this broken artist, mingled with other tunes, came snatches of a melody I had previously heard in the Jerusalem Concerto. How, I wondered, had he learned this tune?

I was told by the kiosk-owner that at one o'clock each day, Mrs. Rabinovich called for her husband and took him home. This was their custom. I was determined to meet her

and put my question to her. So, that noon, I hurried from my office and took my place silently alongside Rabinovich waiting for his wife. He sat still and quiet on his chair, unaware of the world about him, the violin leaning against his chair.

After a while, Mrs. Rabinovich came—a tired, wan-looking, fragile woman. She took her husband's hand in hers and he knew her by her touch. I introduced myself. She did not know Hebrew; so we spoke in Yiddish. I explained that I had often listened to and admired her husband's playing. Folding up the chair, putting the violin into the case—after she had removed the money—Mrs. Rabinovich gave me a wan smile and apologetically murmured that her husband didn't play too well any more. She explained that he had lost his sight and hearing in the concentration camp and his voice as well, and that with the loss of these senses, his music had, of course, suffered. She told me that Rabinovich had been a teacher and composer in Hungary before the war and had played as a member of a string quartet.

I told Mrs. Rabinovich why I had waited to speak with her—how I had heard her husband play snatches from a new composition only recently premiered. I was interested in knowing how he had learned the new music.

Poor woman, she was as confused as I was. It was as if she could not really comprehend my question. Taking the chair under one arm, her husband's arm in her other hand, she started walking with him up Mamillah. I walked alongside wondering how to frame my question. "How do you communicate with your husband?" I finally asked.

"Through his hand," she replied. "I draw letters on his palm to spell out words and he writes out his answers on my palm." We continued up Mamillah, my question unanswered. Was it possible to communicate music in this way? I hummed a refrain from the Jerusalem Concerto, embarrassed by the encounter, wondering how to withdraw. Mrs. Rabinovich stopped, halting her husband beside her. "How do you know that melody?" she asked in a whisper.

"I heard it on the radio," I replied. "It is the tune I was asking about."

Mrs. Rabinovich looked at me for a long moment. "On the radio," she murmured to herself. "They played Yaacov's music on the radio?" There was a note of questioning wonder in her voice. It took a minute for her remark to penetrate. What did she mean by "Yaacov's music"? Then, the answer struck me.

"You mean your husband wrote that music?" I asked.

"Yes!" she replied. "He writes music from time to time. He sits with his violin and plays, and stops and thinks; then he writes out notes on my palm—we have a system—and I write them on paper. I sent some of it to the radio station. But I never knew they played it. We have no radio."

As she spoke she put down the chair, leaning it against the wall and took her husband's hand into hers. "Did you hear, Yaacov? This gentleman says he heard your music on the radio." As she spoke the fingers of her right hand were busy spelling out her words on her husband's palm.

Have you ever noticed how true it is that when you answer a riddle you find a bigger riddle? Now I knew how Rabinovich knew the Jerusalem Concerto. But, I could not comprehend how it happened that he could have written it—a deaf, blind man, isolated on the streets of Jerusalem. He had never seen her stones, or heard the laughter of her children. How could he have possibly written that music—that music which is Jerusalem?

Of course, we contacted Kol Yisrael. They were delighted to discover the composer of the Concerto. They arranged a pension for the Rabinoviches so that he would no longer have to beg on the street and they looked over his other compositions.

This all took time. Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, and Succot came and went. The first rains of the season fell upon Jerusalem, washing away the sand that had accumulated during the long summer. Little, brightly-colored flowers suddenly burst into bloom everywhere. It is like this every year—as if

from nowhere, the flowers spring forth. It is always something of a miracle how water brings life to this parched soil.

The Rabinoviches moved from a one-room apartment in Katamon Gimel into roomier quarters in an abandoned Arab house in the German Colony. (The authorities have decreed that the German Colony be called Emek Hare'faim, the Valley of Giants, a beautiful name indeed—and apt—but to the inhabitants it remains the German Colony. I've probably called Agron Street "Mamilah" a few times. It is not that I'm not an admirer of the late Gershon Agron, *olav shalom*, but the old names die hard in this city.) I went to visit the Rabinoviches in their new home. We had become good acquaintances. Sitting in the sparsely-furnished living room, in the quick-descending dusk of a winter's day, Rabinovich agreed to play his Concerto for me. I sat and listened.

Sometimes there is a thin line between laughter and tragedy, between satire and sadness. For, as I watched this broken shadow of a man lift his bow across his violin and play his Concerto, it became a tragic travesty of that beautiful music. Since he was unable to hear, his fingers bent and gnarled by years of suffering, Rabinovich played a twisted, distorted, quavering version of his masterpiece. It was painful to sit there and listen to that tortured music coming forth from that tortured man. It was difficult at the end to murmur the usual words of politeness. As darkness settled outside; we sat there silently, Rabinovich and I, sipping tea.

"He does not play well, does he?" Mrs. Rabinovich asked me timidly. "He usually will not play for strangers. You should have heard him. . . ." she sighed. "He played beautifully then." She sighed again—a sigh of resignation. "Thank God, we survived and are here in Jerusalem."

We finished our tea. "You know," I broached my question, "when I first heard your husband's Concerto, it filled me with awe. He really caught the spirit, the flavor of Jerusalem. How, Mrs. Rabinovich—" I

turned to face her—"How! How could he have captured this city when he is so isolated from it?"

She sighed again. Sometimes, I think we could tell the history of our people by the sighs of our women. "He has always had Jerusalem within him," she answered. "As a boy, as a young man, as a husband and father, he never forgot Jerusalem. When an occasional traveler would come from the Holy City to our town, he would always go to the local Zionist meeting to hear him, and always his questions were about Jerusalem. 'Speak of the City of David,' he would say in his firm voice—you should have heard his voice—'How goes it in the city of our fathers?'" A sigh and a moment's silence. "When we came here, to Israel," Mrs. Rabinovich continued, "A broken couple, our children *olav shalom*, murdered, our bodies shattered, our hearts empty, wasting away in a *maabarah*," she pointed to her husband, "It was he who insisted we come to Jerusalem. Again and again, he would write it in my palm, 'Let us take ourselves to Jerusalem.'"

Another sigh. "You saw how we lived—begging, huddled in one room. Yet, somehow, he found peace here. He has been more content since we came. As he puts it, 'The storm within roars quieter here.'"

I walked out into the darkened streets of the German Colony, the darkened streets of Jerusalem. Who can tell what makes a city? In the tortured playing of my friend Rabinovich, I heard the tortured cries of my murdered people; in his wracked body I saw the twisted remnants of the concentration camps; yet, in his music, I heard a beautiful rhapsody to this beautiful city—a joyous reaching out of the soul as the bare stones of Jerusalem reach out to the sun and become transformed into works of beauty under its merciless blaze. Somehow, through the hell he had endured, Rabinovich's soul had survived and reached out to the stones and sinews of this city, drawing sustenance from them and finding a way to give voice both to them and to himself.

A new beggar replaced Rabinovich on Agron Street near King David. Life in the city continued, as life has always continued in Jerusalem. Man perishes but his cities endure. Or perhaps it is the reverse and man endures only as his cities endure. I do not know. But I know Jerusalem; and, as I've said, this is a story of Jerusalem. If I told you this story about Tel Aviv or New York or Johannesburg, you would laugh—"Such a foolish tale!" But I tell it of Jerusalem, and you who have dwelt within her walls will recognize its truth.



The Defenders of Zion

NICOLAUS KONI

Indian Segregation in Mississippi

By H. KIRKLAND OSOINACH

IN MAY of 1958, a family of Choctaw Indians moved from their ancestral homeland in east central Mississippi to Memphis, Tennessee, where they were to become the first Indian staff members at the newly developed Chucalissa Indian Museum. As Assistant Director at Chucalissa, I had been largely responsible for recruiting this family, and during that first spring, their teen-age daughter and I had long conversations about the social conditions and injustices that confront her people in Mississippi. One day, sitting in the little makeshift office, she made a startling comment.

"Choctaws are dumb," she said. My astonished denial of her announcement amused her, and she continued, "Choctaws are dumb. Otherwise they would live in the kind of houses other people do. They would have the things other people have. Mother says so."

The reason her remark came as such a revelation to me was that it pointed up how often a subordinate group such as the Mississippi Band of Choctaw Indians will tend to believe what is said and believed about them by an oppressor. My purpose in these few pages will be to acquaint the reader with the social isolation, the poverty, and the low personal status which prompted this happy, on-going teen-ager to say, "Choctaws are dumb."

Recently, President Kennedy in his news conference has referred to the inadequate educational opportunities available to various Indian groups, naming especially the Mississippi Choctaws. In these times when the overwhelming sentiments of public opinion and governmental action are continually pushing back the limits of American freedom, you may be surprised to realize that the government not only sanctions segre-

gated education in some instances, but it also operates segregated schools. I am speaking, of course, about those schools especially maintained by the government for the American Indians with special reference to the Mississippi Choctaws. I do not mean necessarily that the government should not be operating these schools, for without them the thirty-six hundred Indians of this vicinity would be virtually without educational opportunities of any kind. Indeed, this lack of adequate schooling was one of the most significant factors that arrested the attention of Federal officials in 1918 and led to the establishment of an Indian Agency in the town of Philadelphia, Mississippi. But even as recently as 1953, Hildegard Thompson of the Federal Bureau of Indian Affairs, declared that the development of adequate education among the Mississippi Choctaws was one of the Bureau's most urgent responsibilities.

The fact is that the isolation of this group from the mainstream of contemporary American life and thought is staggering. Theirs is not a physical isolation. The rural homes of the Choctaws are interspersed among those of the whites, and yet I found more knowledge of and interest in the affairs of the outside world among the residents of a remote Maya village on Mexico's Yucatan peninsula than I found among the Choctaw Indians of Mississippi. Nowhere are the bitter consequences of racial segregation and white supremacy more dramatically illustrated than in the picturesque red clay hills and piney woods of Neshoba, Leake, Winston and Newton Counties, Mississippi.

The history of the Mississippi Band of Choctaws has been somewhat distinctive. For one thing, they have not been under the same continuous Federal supervision as have

many other tribes. Prehistorically, they were among the most accomplished of native American agriculturists north of Mexico. At first, they welcomed the Europeans, recognizing in their superior technology opportunities for self-improvement. After the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, however, the American settlers became unified and determined in their efforts to remove native populations of the southeastern states to lands west of the Mississippi River, and in 1831, following the infamous Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, the Choctaw tribe was officially removed to lands in what is now the state of Oklahoma where they were to remain sovereign forever.

There was a special provision in the treaty, however, which allowed those Indians who wished to remain in Mississippi to claim individual land allotments and become a part of the general population. However, Federal officials had apparently been convinced by land speculators and others that the majority of the Indians wanted to escape the white man's domination and were therefore eager to emigrate. Accordingly, when nearly half of the tribe put in for land allotments, consternation reigned, and many were told frankly that they would not be allowed to remain. When all was done, a scant thousand Indians were still in the state. Only a hundred and forty-three heads of families ever received their land allotments, and public records fail to give any clues as to how these lands were lost by their Indian owners.

This means, then, that except for occasional attempts at mass removal, interest in and responsibility for the Choctaws of Mississippi were virtually absent during the period from 1831 to 1918, as the Indians, cut off from the dominant world that was growing up about them by virtue of alien race, language and culture, eked out a precarious existence, building their own little universe with fragments of their traditional culture and such scraps as they could glean or as they were willing to accept from the cultural table of the dominant white caste.

So complete was this isolation, and so bounded the world of the Indians, that Choctaw has remained to this day the first language of the people, and children do not usually begin to learn English until they enter school.

This is the problem with which the government had to deal in 1918, so that to insist that they have not made some progress would be unjust. Today, the stated goal of the Agency, which is to bring to the Indians those services which other citizens receive through municipal, county, and state agencies, has been largely realized through such operations as the Indian Hospital, now administered by the United States Public Health Service; agricultural and forestry extension work supervised by the United States Department of Agriculture; and a vast amount of welfare assistance which is channeled through the Agency.

Since 1910, the Choctaw population in Mississippi has nearly quadrupled, but progress towards releasing that population from its social isolation and status of personal inferiority has been negligible. Like the Negro, the Mississippi Indian is a source of cheap labor on farms, where many are "share cropper" tenants, and many more are seasonal workers at three dollars a day. Except for a few teachers and secretaries, in the Federal government's Indian operations, only the most menial and hand-to-mouth occupations are open to the Mississippi Indians. So crucial is this matter of simply earning a livelihood that it constitutes one of the major criteria for class status within the Indian communities themselves, but the uppermost positions in the Choctaws' economic hierarchy are found approximately where the lowest positions in white society leave off. A recent study by the United States Public Health Service revealed an average annual income for Choctaw families of \$600.

Yet important as limited economic opportunities are in reinforcing low status and affording the Indians little opportunity, the shadow of segregation does not stop here.

The Indians come into contact with the whites only in restricted contexts growing out of jobs, relationships with the law, and in their status as customers of stores and bootleggers. Beyond these, any contacts which must be made between the Indians and the larger society are mediated through the Agency, so that the average Indian has only meager opportunities to learn the folkways, the attitudes, and other subtle nuances of behavior which are commonplaces among the vast majority of the American population.

It is of little wonder, then, that in modern times the Choctaws have been slow to recognize the value of education and to incorporate the skills of the schoolroom into the fabric of their strangely isolated subsistence economy. We who all too often fail to value educational opportunities ourselves, have whole lifetimes of experiences and examples in terms of which to understand its significance. They do not. The average Choctaw youngster has never been to a restaurant and paid his check. He has never been to a barber shop. He has never sat inside a motion picture theatre, unless he is one of the few who are willing to threaten their status even more by sitting in the balcony with the Negroes.

To be sure, the very recent introduction of a few television sets among the Indians, the experiences of students who have returned from school in Oklahoma, the reports and examples of the few outsiders such as myself who have come for a time to live in the communities, and the experiences of Indians who have left their homeland to take up residences elsewhere, testify to the existence of an outside world where prejudice disappears and opportunity awaits those who can take advantage of it. They do not understand the life and culture of that world, however, and when they enter it, the most trivial activities become major events for them. Eating in a public restaurant was a very real ordeal for many of my Indian friends who came either to work or to visit in Memphis, and they continued to patronize both drive-

in restaurants and movies there, insisting that they preferred to do these things in "private." Moreover, it was impossible for any of the young men who came to Memphis to find employment except at the Chulalissa Museum. The reason was always the same: too little experience, inadequate education, and insufficient ability to meet the public, to talk with it in English, and to inspire it with confidence.

Within this context, it is difficult to judge the work of the Federal government among these Indians. It has seemed to this observer, however, that too often the actions of the Agency are superimposed on the Indian society from above. The Agency programs are put into practice by edict, not as an outgrowth of community planning and will. Therefore, individuals do not perceive their relationships to the government programs in the ways they would if these were a viable part of personal and community life and were derived, albeit with the council of Federal officials and expert advisers, from the perceived needs of the people. Like an unused organ of the body, individual initiative withers in this environment, and energies which might be employed in the fulfillment of personal or corporate dreams, and individual or community goals, overflow into meaningless if not into destructive channels.

The tell-tale signs of social disorganization run rampant in this strangely isolated society. The people tend to mistrust the motives of their leaders. The undisciplined use of alcohol by a high percentage of individuals in these ocean-dry Mississippi counties provides a ready and unpredictable release, while juvenile delinquency seems to be on the increase. Meantime, a few church leaders do their best to inculcate a more active and cohesive community life, but valuable as these efforts are in providing meeting places and nuclei for some group activities, they alone are by no means sufficient to the task.

One complaint in particular about Federal policy stood out above all others in the conversations of most Indians, young and old,

who talked to me about the problem. It is the practice of hiring local white persons to fill Agency posts among the Choctaws. The Indians argue, and it is perfectly true, that the extreme prejudice that characterizes the whites in the vicinity where Indian populations are concentrated, does not extend to Caucasians outside that region. Even in other parts of Mississippi, the Indians are not segregated as they are around Philadelphia, and the Choctaws maintain that by recruiting Agency personnel from among local white residents, that Agency will share prevailing local attitudes toward the Indians, and its efforts in helping them to overcome the fetters and limitations of their present social condition will be at best half-hearted. With a few noteworthy individual exceptions, Federal personnel do not intercede on behalf of the Indians to be served in cafes or granted access to other public institutions and activities. The reason, as I was told, is that the region is not ready. That this philosophy extends deeper into Bureau policy than the local Agency, however, is indicated by the following statement in a letter sent to an interested citizen from the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington. In response to her letter of inquiry and complaint about the Mississippi Indian predicament, the Bureau's Information Officer wrote, "Nothing is going to overcome that situation (educational segregation) but a change of attitude on the part of the white citizens of Mississippi."

A similar problem seems to prevail in the field of Mississippi Indian education. Recently, the public schools in the town of Meridian, some fifty miles south of Philadelphia, were asked to accept a few Choctaw students for the eleventh and twelfth grades, since expenses for such an arrangement could be assumed by the Agency. At once, various Federal officials interposed the argument that these students would not be able to maintain their grade levels in any but special Indian schools. They were accepted anyway, and while I do not know how they fared at Meridian, the two delightful chil-

dren of one of Chucalissa Museum's Indian staff members were A and B students in their public school.

Meantime, students at Pearl River have almost no contacts with other students. A few basketball teams from distant white communities do on occasion play Indian teams, and on other rare occasions, the Indians play against Negro teams. To the best of my knowledge, however, this is the only official way in which Indian school students contact the youth of other groups.

And how does education fare in a segregated school where students have no thought of being able to participate in activities on the open market-place of the twentieth century?

"The children must be taught the ways of America," one school employee told me; and to teach them these ways, only English is tolerated in the classroom. The girls are not encouraged to wear their distinctive and traditional Choctaw dress at school, and in general, one gets the impression that everything from the Choctaw heritage that a child might bring to his education is devalued. It has only been in the last two years that any Choctaw history was taught, and even now it is given only a superficial treatment.

No expenses are spared on the physical plant, and facilities are doubtless superior to those of the Mississippi public schools. The first few grades are offered in each of the widely scattered rural communities. Then, all Indian children come together at the Pearl River School in the centrally located Pearl River Community. Here they may complete the tenth grade, though in fact, a high percentage of Choctaw youth never do. In order to finish high school, however, they must leave their homes and their fellow-tribesmen to attend one of the Federal Indian boarding schools in Oklahoma or Kansas, and here, of course, they are introduced to the splendors of a new world whose very existence has in most cases scarcely been suspected before. They have not been prepared to understand and to live in this world on any except the most

marginal levels. Such students have told me that on arriving in Oklahoma, they found their educational backgrounds irreparably inadequate to allow them to take full advantage of the new school's educational potentials. The Mississippi teachers, say these students, have too much the outlook of the charity worker and not enough of that of the educator. They are at once patronizing and critical of the Indian student, but they expect nothing of him. Therefore, the challenge of meaningful learning is absent.

Meantime, adults and even late teen-agers not in school, are always encouraged to move at government expense to one of the Federal relocation centers, such as Chicago, Denver, Cleveland or Los Angeles. Accordingly, those persons who are best equipped to deal with the demands of modern life, as well as many who are not, are constantly being drained away from the Indian communities, leaving a relatively increased percentage of the less well adapted to help reinforce the status quo and give substance to the white man's argument that the Indian is not fit to participate in his society. Some individuals do take up life in the outside world, but their contact with Mississippi is usually quickly lost unless they give up the attempt and return.

If, however, the goal of education is to equip men to deal in some way satisfactorily with conditions where they live regardless of their cultural backgrounds or value systems, then education among the Mississippi Choc-taws, both in the schoolroom and on the level of community experience, falls virtually one hundred per cent short of the mark. This means that the majority of the Indian population learns defeatist attitudes. Rather than identify themselves with the government of this nation and with its policies, they tend to view them as mechanisms of an alien regime. They do not vote, because there is little point in voting for one of two white candidates when neither really has the welfare of the Indians at heart; and when one individual is turned away from the polling place without explanation, his fellow-tribesmen, though they may in fact be ob-

jectively better qualified to vote than he, are apt to give up their interest either in sympathy or in fear of similar rebuff.

There are a few able leaders in the communities who have elected to remain among or to return to their people. One of their most important functions is to act as go-betweens, or lawyers without portfolio, representing to white officials and other citizens the interests of their less well equipped fellow-tribesmen who often can not even speak English. The sixteen member Tribal Council is the official vehicle for this leadership, but this body has little real power to arrive at policy or to undertake action, since without government consent, its decisions are all but powerless.

Finally, the people whom I have known and whose problems I have briefly sketched here are examples, however distinctive in detail, of a nation-wide problem. The divisive wedge of race prejudice has been perhaps singularly influential in moulding the present life-patterns of the Mississippi Choc-taws, but the cultural differences between American Indians and European Americans have often defied reconciliation. Moreover, I doubt if any group which still calls itself Indian has escaped being influenced in some way by the heritage of hatred that has marked Indian-white relations from the first. This general Indian predicament has given rise to much scholarly study among social scientists, but this presumed increase in understanding at the university level has benefited the Indian people themselves but little.

Yet the voice of the American Indian is beginning to be heard in official circles, and President Kennedy's expressions of interest and encouragement last spring brought welcome hope. In June of 1961, representatives of many tribes from every part of the country gathered for the American Indian Chicago Conference where they discussed their mutual problems and formulated their own statements as to what they would like to do and see done about them. That the idea of involving Indians in their own affairs is a

INDIAN SEGREGATION IN MISSISSIPPI

sound one has been amply proved wherever it has been tried, but these efforts have been few and can serve as little more than pilot experiments.

Exciting as this phase of the "New Frontier" may sound, the average Choctaw, living in a back-woods cabin half a mile from the sticky red-clay ribbon of a Federally constructed road through his reservation community, will doubtless take a "show me" attitude. The white man's interest has been only to "keep the Indian down." This has been obvious too long now for him to be impressed with any new scheme. Above all, any plan which is sincerely calculated to bring freedom and mature social organization to the Choctaw Indians will encounter local resistance from white Mississippians, who, through their legislators and through such organizations as the White Citizens' Councils, will fight to see to it that "outsiders" do not tamper with the traditional social organization of their state.

When our European ancestors first landed on these shores, my Indian friends tell me they were welcomed by the Choctaw tribe. Food supplies were abundant, and it was the custom of the people to share in good fortune. Today the descendants of those exemplary American agriculturists are at a loss to explain what went wrong during the course of their history, even as I am at a loss to explain why my people do not call them "brother."

"Choctaws are dumb," a little girl told me once; and knowing her people as I did, I could insist with no hesitancy and no doubt that she was wrong. Yet I left her unconvinced. There was nothing that I, an outsider, could say. I could only hope that her future years and her own good sense would combine to convince her of her mistake.

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THE YOUNG LOVE OF WILLIAM

By ARNOLD EDWARD FALLEDER

Dear and dear

is an old recorded vessel

In a young thing.

Dear and dear

Yesterday her hands were warm

in mine

Chilled in time

Dear and dear.

Her stocking tops

on summer days

Were neatly garted

Slip trimmed lace,

It will be there

saucer eyes all, her face,

Dear and dear

In a yearn

From yesterday

Now are some true things

I called only

and Dear and dear

Tomorrow is built on.

Recent Trends in Organized Labor

By CHARLES A. MADISON

AN INQUIRY into the current status of organized labor elicits divergent reactions. Not only prejudiced employers but certain reputable economists maintain that labor has become too strong for the country's good. Professor Overton H. Taylor of Harvard speaks for this group in his insistence that business monopolies are not nearly so dangerous to society as the powerful monopolistic unions.¹

The more serious menace lies in the powers and aggressive acquisitive ambitions of the large, strong labor unions, which exert the gains won for their members not only, nor as a rule in the end mainly, from the firms that employ them although indirectly, from consumers and unorganized workers in other parts of the country. . . . The unionized workers no longer are under-dogs but are becoming upper-dogs, and the true liberal, universal, and impractical humane spirit now demands not sympathy with and protection of them so much as restraint of them for the sake of the majority now victimized by this minority.

It is this attitude, expressed forcefully and persistently by business and economic spokesmen and garishly highlighted by the hearings of the McClellan Committee, that was largely instrumental in bringing about the enactment of the Landrum-Griffin Act in 1959.

The truth is, of course, that at least superficially organized labor has gained much during the past decade. Most important was the merger of the AF of L with the CIO in 1955, since it ended a rift within unionism that weakened the position of labor both economically and politically. AFL-CIO was able thereafter to speak for 15,000,000 workers and their families. Among the immediate gains of the merger was the agreement to stop raiding—a factor that plagued many unions and hindered their growth. Another benefit was the formal recognition by AF of

L unions of the principle of industrial unionism and the establishment of a separate department to be headed by Walter Reuther.

A further important achievement of the merger was the formation of the Ethical Practices Committee with its codes of ethical conduct. This committee has made the first serious effort to clean labor's house from within. Backed fully by George Meany and Reuther, it has earnestly sought to eradicate corrupt practices from its affiliated unions. Its inquiries led to the expulsion of the powerful Teamsters Union as well as several smaller unions. It has also helped to stop such practices as that of union officials drawing salaries from both their unions and their welfare funds. Indeed, its mere vigilance has made labor leaders more careful about matters involving conflicts of interest.

Both Meany and Reuther are acutely aware of the futility of keeping the ethics of union officials at a higher level than that maintained by businessmen with whom they deal. As Meany declared:²

As a matter of fact, many of the corruption problems the trade union movement is coping with today are the direct result of trade union leaders aping the unsavory, unethical practices of the employers, the corrupting influences of bribes and gifts, of special deals and inside tips. The entire "fast buck" philosophy of the business world is at the very heart of the corruption problem in the trade union movement. Nevertheless, all things considered, unions are now cleaner and therefore more beneficial to their members than they were before the merger.

Economically, organized workers have made great gains during the past decade, benefiting fully from our relative prosperity. Thus weekly earnings rose about 5 per cent annually. More than 4,000,000 are profiting from escalator clauses in which wages rise automatically with living costs. More than

1. *The Classical Liberalism, Marxism, and the Twentieth Century*, pp. 117-118. New York, 1960.

2. *Catholic World*, p. 350, July, 1959.

\$8,000,000,000 are annually put into private health and welfare plans. Supplementary unemployment benefits (SUB) provide millions of workers with additional income during periods of unemployment. Relatively adequate pension plans cover about 68 per cent of the labor force. Workers are also given up to a month of paid vacations and seven or more paid holidays. Professor Neil W. Chamberlain has pointed out that with our cold-war prosperity little hindered by recessions, unions "had only to sit back and clip coupons."³

Viewed realistically, however, one can readily perceive that organized labor is not growing stronger. Concentrating on their fleshpots, union workers—and their leaders in particular—have lost their former urgency to social reform. Professor Richard A. Lester has noted that prosperity has affected labor with "a certain institutional rigidity."⁴ Professor Chamberlain has commented similarly:⁵

Once the giant corporations in the basic industries had been organized, no later feat could match these gains. But beyond the loss of pace there was no longer any sense of mission or purpose. The game was largely won. Unions had been granted their place within the existing business system. They were winning "more, more, more." They had arrived, and hence had no place to go.

When a well-known labor economist was recently asked where labor was going in the 1960's, his flat reply was—"not very far."

In a democratic nation an important criterion of power is the exertion of political influence. In this respect labor has less power now than it had in the early 1940's, as can be seen in the inability of labor leaders to keep Congress from legislating anti-labor acts. Professor Sumner H. Slichter described this situation very clearly:⁶

The great economic strength of trade unions is accompanied by very limited political strength, and the political influence of unions seems to be diminishing rather than growing. . . . The growing feeling

that trade unions represent a privileged group creates suspicion and hostility toward unions, is a major obstacle to organizing efforts, and limits political influence of unions.

Moreover, most labor leaders hold fast to Gompers' negative attitude toward political activity. Meany well expressed this position when he pointed out that American workers consider themselves "an integral part of community life [and] do not think in terms of separate classes."⁷ Reuther, who at one time had favored the idea of a labor party, now also believes that "labor cannot advance and make progress at the expense of the rest of the community."⁸ He explained that since workers had developed middle-class attitudes, "a political movement has to reflect these kinds of economic and social realities."⁹

Being pragmatic and practical, labor leaders realize that at least in times of prosperity the large majority of workers will vote in accord with their personal prejudices and predilections. Consequently, AFL-CIO officials continue, for bargaining purposes with political parties, to maintain their political activities within the unions; they even echo Meany's statement in 1958 at an AFL-CIO meeting that labor would organize its own party if that became the only way "to lick the people who want to drag us back to the past"; yet they know too well that organized labor is politically not half as potent as its numerical strength would warrant.

Another deleterious portent is that organized labor is not growing either absolutely or proportionately. At the first meeting of the merged labor movement in December, 1955, AFL-CIO leaders predicted optimistically that their membership would double in ten years. Six years later, even discounting the loss of the Teamsters Union, the total membership is actually smaller. The organizational campaigns in the South and among white-collar workers, begun with fanfare and large funds, fizzled badly. And unemploy-

3. *Labor*, p. 49, New York, 1958.

4. *Monthly Labor Review*, p. 843, August, 1960.

5. *Op cit.*, p. 49.

6. Michael Harrington and Paul Jacobs, eds., *Labor in a Free Society*, p. 41, Berkeley, Calif., 1959.

7. Bert Cochran, *American Labor in Midpassage*, p. 9, New York, 1959.

8. *Catholic World*, p. 352, August, 1959.

9. *London Times*, June 22, 1958.



Albert Einstein

JACOB BURCK

ment has ravaged the lists of the strongest unions in and out of AFL-CIO. Reuther was frank enough to admit this decline when he said, "We are going backward."

A basic factor in this loss of membership is the changing nature of work within the economy. A. H. Raskin, in a series of discerning articles in the *New York Times* early in April, 1961, etched in acid the background and results of automation:

New technology is revolutionizing work methods in offices, factories, farms, mines, transport, and distribution. Automation and other far-reaching industrial changes promise a vast expansion of our ability to make more and better goods with fewer and fewer workers.

With our considerable growth of population and consequent larger labor force, the proportion of manual workers has decreased significantly. Thus in 1957 blue-collar workers, making up most of the union membership, have for the first time become a minority of the total labor force. In a discussion of this problem Professor Lester has recently predicted that "in terms of eligible work force, organized labor is more likely to decline than to advance over the next decade." This relative contraction, he added, will no doubt have "significant psychological repercussions on the leadership and the influence of organized labor."¹⁰ An even more pessimistic conclusion was reached by Everett Kassalow, a research director of AFL-CIO:¹¹

Given the present trends, as the blue-collar force actually declines in the great industries, organized labor would be lucky to maintain its membership level of seventeen or eighteen million over the next decade. Over this same period, the labor force itself would be expanding by nine or ten million. By that time it would be clear that organized labor had become a very diminished minority in the United States. It would also be a diminishing social force in the United States.

Most perturbing to labor leaders is the portentous specter of technological unemployment. Although American industry is not automating as rapidly and as thoroughly as some of the other industrialized nations, it nevertheless continues annually to throw

hundreds of thousands of workers into the unemployment pool. Raskin has pointed out that early in 1961 "in thirty big cities one out of every eleven workers is tramping the streets looking for a job he cannot find"; that the two famous production centers, Detroit and Pittsburgh, are on the chronic distress list. He avers that the prospect for the near future is 6,000,000 jobless—more than we have had since the terrible 1930's.

Even more ominous is the fact that the periodic recessions have been recurring with greater frequency and that each period of recovery has left behind it a greater percentage of unemployed. Thus after the 1949 recession the unemployed totaled 3.2 per cent of the labor force; in 1954 this percentage rose to 4.3; in 1959 to 5.8; in the spring of 1961, with the bottom of the current recession presumably reached, the unemployed totaled nearly 7 percent. Testifying before the Senate Committee on Unemployment Problems, Reuther stated:¹²

Of the three recessions we have suffered since World War II, each has been more severe than the one before it, and recovery each time has been slower and more difficult.

The pressing problem of unemployment is the greatest challenge to our economy. To cope with it successfully, government, management, and labor leaders must join forces in combatting it. Yet under capitalism management feels little or no responsibility for unemployment as a result of automation or recession—unless compelled to do so by a strong union. As one employer told Sylvia Porter:¹³

It is not the responsibility of the individual corporation to employ more than we need, nor to guarantee full employment at all times. It is my responsibility to my corporation to try for maximum production and for a maximum, although reasonable profit.

Another employer was equally certain that greater profit was the only solution to unemployment.¹⁴ "The profit motive," he said,

12. Senate Committee Hearings on Unemployment Problems, November 12, 1959.

13. *Current History*, p. 334, June, 1959.

14. A. H. Raskin, *New York Times*, April 8, 1961.

10. *Monthly Labor Review*, p. 845, August, 1960.

11. *Current History*, p. 334, June, 1959.

"is what gives our economy its dynamic quality, and we can be assured there will be no unused capacity in either manpower or natural resources when the possibility exists of employing them at a profit." Reuther strongly disagrees with this position and insists "that industry exists to serve man and not man to serve industry." But our present economic system obligates no employer to keep his workers employed at a loss to himself; and few employers feel morally responsible for the well-being of their workers.

The unemployment problem is now definitely a responsibility of the government. The New Deal had established the doctrine that the economic welfare of the citizenry is the first concern of government. Even under the inactive Eisenhower Administration this concern was displayed, even if only indifferently. President Kennedy and particularly Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg have approached the problem sympathetically and are trying to persuade Congress to follow their lead. Mr. Goldberg has set up the Office of Automation and Manpower to study the manpower displacement caused by the new technology and to find remedies for the resulting unemployment. Yet these proposed remedies, arrived at with the aid of eminent economic experts, are only palliatives that fail to recognize the complexity of the malady.

Under present circumstances the unemployment problem must be the primary concern of labor leaders. How have they faced it? Confronted with the ravages of unemployment within their unions, they have called for higher tariffs on competing imports, for legislation to discourage American corporations from establishing plants abroad, and mainly for the shorter work-week. Both labor leaders and certain economists consider the spread of available work as the obvious and logical remedy. Professor Paul A. Samuelson, a leading economist in the Kennedy Administration, recently told a House Labor subcommittee that unless unemployment is reduced by other means the demand for the shorter work-week will become irresistible. "If we don't produce a

better environment of economic demand capable of absorbing large numbers now unemployed, I predict an increasing and more successful agitation for a shorter work week." Labor leaders have testified to the same effect, and both Reuther and David McDonald have been campaigning for this spread of work in the automobile and steel industries.

No labor leader has yet emerged with the vision and the ability to point to the underlying causes of unemployment and to suggest a positive and practical solution. Most of them are still Gompersian in outlook and devoted to a free-enterprise economy; they cannot and will not break through the limitations of the profit-motive principle. The late Professor Selig Perlman, a conservative labor historian, stated¹⁵ that organized labor in the United States believes in "upholding capitalism not only in practice, but in principle as well"; that it has "shown little inclination toward breaking away from the Gompersian moorings, if these are considered in the sense of the basic social order it favors and of the method it employs in its practical action."

Only Reuther among the top labor leaders sometimes strains at the bonds of business trade unionism. In an interview in 1958 he said,¹⁶ "As the problems of our modern society become more complex and interwoven, their solution cannot be economic or political—the solution has got to be economic and political." Only recently he again stated:¹⁷ "We do not feel that a rehashing and a rearming of the New Deal are sufficient to meet the very serious problems of hard-core unemployment." Yet even he seems to lack the courage and the confidence to discard his encrusted political prejudices and seek the solution with the open mind of the social scientist.

Solomon Barkin, the able labor economist of the considerably weakened United Textile

15. *The Annals of the Am. Acad. of Pol. and Soc. Sci.*, pp. 61, 63, March, 1951.

16. *The New Republic*, July 21, 1958.

17. *New York Times*, April 14, 1961.

workers, perceived the problem with greater discernment:¹⁸

The trade union movement . . . has lost its dynamism. It has stopped growing. Its outlook is, for the most part, too narrow to meet present challenges. If organized labor is to regenerate itself and better serve American society, it must formulate a new agenda of goals. . . . The labor movement has a special responsibility to do something about poverty, income inequality, and underprivilege still evident in our affluent society.

A similar exhortation was made by the late Professor Slichter. He stated that years back, when unionism was getting established, even "pure and simple" Gompersism could command men's idealism because mere union recognition was then a significant reform. Now, however, business unionism, having become successfully established, lacks adequate social objectives:¹⁹

Hence, unionism needs to transform itself—to escape the results of success by embracing new goals, by becoming a champion of new and better social and economic institutions than we now possess and by becoming an instrument for achieving these new and better institutions. Business unionism mixed with the aim of broad social reforms is needed.

Because most labor leaders are not now interested in "broad social reforms," they tend to look to government for help—a reliance that shirks responsibility. Yet no solution to the unemployment problem will

be achieved until they revise their social philosophy. First, they must cease to think of organized labor as the junior partner of capitalism. Next, they must re-think clearly the steps needed to strengthen our economy: not by pampering the profit motive but by planning full employment based on democratic and socially desirable principles. Only then will they find sympathetic support from the general public as well as from the present Administration—assuming that Secretary Goldberg was in earnest when he said²⁰ that "we cannot tolerate the indifference to the displaced worker which has always existed in the past."

To aim at these "broad social reforms" labor leaders must realize that the alternative to our American economy is not communism but more real democracy. They can achieve this goal by sparking the social conscience of the nation; by awaking the people to the realization that our present industrial complex requires not the haphazard methods based solely on the profit motive but the socially responsible planning of our automation era. Unless labor leaders strike out into this new social frontier with the fervor and the determination they showed during the organizational strikes of the 1930's, they will fail in their prime task of safeguarding and advancing the welfare of American workers.

18. "A New Agenda for Labor," *Fortune*, November, 1960.

19. *Op. cit.*, p. 44.

20. *Business Week*, April 29, 1961.

. . . One of the most curious of these frenzies of exclusion was that against the emancipation of the Jews. All share in the government of the world was denied for centuries to perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious, race that had ever lived in it—the race to whom we owed our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolation to be found in all literature—a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses, and whose blood, furtively mingling with the bluest bloods in Europe, has quickened them with its own indomitable impulsion. . . .

James Russell Lowell

from Sages, Chroniclers, and Scribes

Within the limitations of space assigned to this project, writings and memorabilia centuries old will be published and experiences will be depicted which were of vast and primary importance in the little-remembered, long-ago annals of Jewry and other minorities.—Editor.

ANTI-SLAVERY POETRY*

By LORENZO D. TURNER

THE CONTRIBUTION of Negro writers to the anti-slavery cause was considerable. The first two of the poems that follow were written by a slave poet, George M. Horton, of Chatham County, North Carolina, who wrote several poems in which he keenly resented being deprived of his freedom. In 1829 many of his poems were first published in the hope that a sum of money sufficient to purchase his freedom might be obtained. He was to be freed, however, only on condition that he sailed forthwith for Liberia. The project was not successful, however, for in 1837 he was still the slave of James Horton and was employed as a servant at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The following stanzas are taken from his poem entitled "On Liberty and Slavery:"

Alas! and am I born for this,
To wear this slavish chain?
Deprived of all created bliss
Through hardship, toil and pain!

Oh, Heaven! and is there no relief
This side the silent grave—
To soothe the pain—to quell the grief
And anguish of a slave?

* For a discussion of these poems and of other specimens of anti-slavery literature in America prior to the end of the Civil War, see Lorenzo D. Turner, *Anti-Slavery Sentiment in American Literature Prior to 1865*, The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Washington, D. C., 1929.

Come, Liberty, thou cheerful sound,
Roll through my ravished ears!
Come, let my grief in joys be drowned,
And drive away my fears.

Say unto foul oppression, "Cease,
Ye tyrants, rage no more,"
And let the joyful trump of peace
Now bid the vassal soar.

Bid Slavery hide her haggard face,
And barbarism fly;
I scorn to see the sad disgrace
In which enslaved I lie.¹

The same impatient yearning, but with less bitterness toward his oppressors, characterized Horton's poem called "The Slave's Complaint:"

Am I sadly cast aside
On misfortune's rugged tide?
Will the world my pains deride
Forever?

Must I dwell in Slavery's night,
And all pleasure take its flight
Far beyond my feeble sight
Forever?

Worst of all, must hope grow dim
And withhold her cheering beam?
Rather let me sleep and dream
Forever!

1. George M. Horton, "Poems by a Slave," in *Memoirs and Poems of Phillis Wheatley*, Boston, 1838, pp. 130-132.

And when this transient life shall end,
 Oh, may some kind, eternal friend
 Bid me from servitude ascend
 Forever!²

Between the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 and the election of Lincoln in 1860, followed a few months later by the firing upon Fort Sumter, an enormous amount of anti-slavery literature was produced. The moral, religious, social, and economic movement against slavery during this period was sufficient to convince thousands of northern people, hitherto hostile or indifferent to abolition, of the injustice of slavery. But something more was needed than mere conviction of its injustice. The people had to be moved to action. The sentimental arguments attempted to accomplish this result. The most significant utterances against slavery during this period were prompted by the effort of many northerners to enforce the Fugitive Slave Act. Two specific instances of this provoked bitter opposition from the abolitionists.

In April, 1851, Thomas Sims, a Negro, was found in Boston, arrested on a false charge of theft, then claimed as a fugitive slave, and carried back to Georgia. On June 5 of the same year Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* began to appear in the *National Era*, published in Washington, D. C. It was published in book form in 1852. On the day of its publication 3000 copies were sold, and within one year more than 300,000 were sold in this country alone. In April, 1852, Wendell Phillips, in an address entitled "Sims Anniversary," advised the slave to flee if he got a chance; and if it should be impossible to do this, to "arm himself, and by resistance secure in the Free States a trial for homicide,"—trusting that no jury would be able "so far to crush the instincts of humanity as not to hold him justified." He expressed the belief that force only would be adequate to accomplish the downfall of slavery, and he asked where was there a battlefield, however ghastly, that was not as "white as an angel's wing" compared

with that darkness which had brooded over the South for two hundred years. "Tell me," he said, "if Waterloo or Thermopylae can claim one tear from the eye even of the tenderest spirit of mercy compared with this daily system of hell amid the most civilized and Christian people on the face of the earth."

On July 4, 1852, on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Frederick Douglass, the famous Negro orator, said that it was not light that was needed but fire. He asked:

What to the American slave is your Fourth of July? . . . To him your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity . . . your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are to him mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of these United States at this very hour.

The other case was that of Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave who in 1854 was arrested in Boston and remanded to slavery. The event aroused so much resentment in Massachusetts that no other fugitive from labor was ever arrested on her soil. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was one of the few men who, on May 26, 1854, made an attack on the Court House at Boston with the hope of rescuing Burns and received a cut on his chin which left a permanent scar. Henry D. Thoreau was so incensed over the treatment accorded Burns in Massachusetts that on June 16, 1854, he wrote in his Journal:

The sight of that political organization called Massachusetts is to me morally covered with scoriae and volcanic cinders such as Milton imagined. . . . If there is any hell more unprincipled than our rulers and our people, I feel curious to visit it. . . . If we would save our lives, we must fight for them.

During an anti-slavery celebration at Farmington, Massachusetts, on July 4, 1854, Thoreau expressed contempt for the courts and refused Massachusetts his allegiance. On this day also William Lloyd Garrison burned before his audience a copy of the

2. *Ibid.*, p. 133.

Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitution of the United States, which he called "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell."

It was such incidents as these that prompted Frances Ellen Watkins, a Negro poet, to publish in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* on December 4, 1858, her poem entitled "Bury Me in a Free Land," in which she describes forcefully the many horrors of slavery. As in the case of Horton, but with considerably more skill as a poet, she uses the sentimental argument for the abolition of slavery:

You may make my grave wherever you will,
In a lowly vale or on a lofty hill;
You may make it among earth's humblest
graves,
But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not rest if I heard the tread
Of a coffin-gang to the shambles led,
And the mother's shriek of wild despair
Rise like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not rest if I heard the lash
Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,

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And I saw her babes torn from her breast,
Like trembling doves from their parent
nest.

I'd shudder and start if I heard the bay
Of the bloodhounds seizing their human
prey;

If I heard the captive plead in vain
As they tightened afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls from the mothers'
arms

Bartered and sold for their youthful
charms,

My eye would flash with a mournful flame,
My death-paled cheek grow red with
shame.

I would sleep, dear friends, where bloated
Might

Can rob no man of his dearest right;
My rest shall be calm in any grave
Where none calls his brother a slave.

I ask no monument proud and high
To arrest the gaze of passers-by;
All that my spirit yearning craves
Is—bury me not in the land of slaves.



The First Fruits

REUVEN RUBIN

Multilingual Jewish Literature*

By A. A. ROBACK

IT IS A strange paradox that one of the very oldest literatures (and still flourishing through its creators in almost every corner of the earth) should have been neglected in its totality, although its earliest-stage production has influenced practically every other literature and has penetrated the farthest nooks and crannies of the globe.

The situation is due partly to the unique status of the originators of the literature—the Jews. Jewish literature is multilingual, although nine of ten educated persons will think of it simply in terms of Hebrew; and if they are well-informed, they will associate it also with Yiddish. Comparatively few will know to what extent it is Aramaic; and as to the other languages—Arabic, Spanish, Ladino, French, German, Russian, Polish, English, Danish, Swedish, and even Greek—it will always remain a moot question as to whether such writings by Jews can be considered a part of Jewish literature.

Perhaps the subject treated and the ethnic identification will be invoked to decide the issue. Thus, there can be no question that Maimonides' *Guide of the Perplexed*, though originally written in Arabic, is a Jewish production. Perhaps, too, Ibn Gabirol's *Font of Life*, which we know only from its Latin translation, belongs rather to Jewish than to Arabic literature. When we get to Heine, Lassalle, Wassermann, Werfel, and Feuchtwanger, who wrote in German, or Bernstein, Proust, and Bergson, who wrote in French, it behooves us to consider the matter with greater caution. Yet is it not fairly certain that Schwarz-Bart's *The Last of the Just*, which was awarded the Goncourt Prize, is part and parcel of Jewish creativity, although written in French?

Can the "Pleiad" of Jewish writers, both in the United Kingdom and in the United States, who publish in English be annexed to their colleagues presently writing in Hebrew and Yiddish?

These are questions which call for discussion and possibly an answer, although I doubt whether such could be so conclusive as to convince the skeptic. The question will hinge upon our general view as to whether the Jew's genes are in some respects ethnically differentiated or whether the culture and environment are all that count. Could any Frenchman¹ have written *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*? Could Dr. Zhivago have been the product of an ethnic Russian?

This, however, is not the place to thresh out such perplexities which I have, in some measure, considered in *Jewish Influence in Modern Thought*, *The History of American Psychology*, and *The Story of Yiddish Literature*. I have not only stated but expounded my own theory in that regard, and am satisfied that no conscious Jewish writer can fail to reflect the ethnic coloring in his creative work. Indeed, the more deliberate the attempt to escape the "taint," the more pronounced it will appear to the perceptive critic.

The dearth of surveys of Jewish literature, for all that, is striking. Even Hebrew literature—a compact unit—cannot boast a spate of such works. Certain periods have been done justice to—largely the biblical and the Talmudic literature. That bibliographic colossus, Moritz Steinschneider, has handled expertly the medieval phase, and by-paths have been traversed by scores of scholars, among the foremost of them, being Solomon

* Meyer Waxman, *A History of Jewish Literature* (in five volumes). New York, London (Yoseloff), 1960.

1. Proust was not only strongly attached to his Jewish mother, but inherited her fine sensibilities and literary potentialities.

Munk, who discovered that the supposedly Arab philosopher Avicenna was in reality none other than the young poet Ibn-Gabriel.

Histories of Hebrew literature can be counted on the fingers; and even these for the most part are sketches or outlines. Klausner's is the most comprehensive. Yiddish literature has been covered fairly comprehensively up to 1940 by Roback, whose sequel volume on contemporary literature has been published in abbreviated form by the World Jewish Congress in London; but there have been other less systematic or incomplete surveys of Yiddish literature in Hebrew (Shulman), English (Wiener), German (Zlocisti), French (Pines), and in Yiddish (Erik, Weinreich).

The more embracing Jewish literature has fared worse, as may be surmised, because of the vastness of the subject. While English literature may begin with foreign tongues like Latin and Scandinavian (*Beowulf*), Jewish literature, in its widest sense, turns out to be a medley or perhaps a gulf stream, affected by and affecting the environments it passes through. Attempts have been made to cover the chief productions of the Jews, whether collectively or by single authors, by Jakob Winters (3 volumes), Gustav Karpeles (a single 1000-page volume), and, principally, Israel Tsienberg, the head of a chemical plant in St. Petersburg (later Leningrad); but after completing ten volumes and before he was able to reach the contemporary period, he was incarcerated—apparently for no other reason than his Jewish nationalism and a political attitude. His strongly communistic colleagues, who ironically and tragically enough were years later themselves liquidated despite their ardent profession of philo-Stalinism, promulgated, at the time, the story that Tsienberg was released after the charge of sabotage was dropped; but whether he died as a freed man or in prison, the colossal task which he had set himself was not fully realized.

Meyer Waxman's five-volume (really six-volume, as there are two parts, separately bound, to volume 4) *History of Jewish Literature*, originally published in 1933-1941

but now enlarged, bringing the purview up to date, vies with Tsienberg's in coverage, includes recent writings which *Di Geshikhte fun der Literature bai Yidn* (Tsienberg) had not yet touched upon, and is certainly a monumental work despite the flaws which will be pointed out in the following paragraphs.

Tsienberg, with his scientific training, appears to be the more solid investigator, operating with first-hand sources, especially in the less accessible areas. Waxman had done a prodigious amount of reading, particularly in the more recent publications, but whereas he presents the plot of many a play or novel in very brief form, he does not enter into the psychology of the author, his motives, and vicissitudes. The element of sound criticism is often lacking in Waxman's discussions.

It redounds to Waxman's credit, however, that he has familiarized himself with the work of so many authors. Since the present reviewer has already had occasion elsewhere to draw attention to a number of *errata* in the earlier edition, it would scarcely be necessary to repeat the observations here. In a magnum opus of such dimensions, a certain number of inaccuracies are to be expected. As to omissions, since (and that I know from experience, for, in the phrase of the Prophet "*ani hagever*")² it is impossible to deal with every writer in a given sphere, a certain amount of arbitrariness in the process of selection will, of course, be taken for granted. In the present instance, we might well commend the author's inclusiveness, particularly in contemporary Jewish literature. Considering the temptation on the part of the Hebrew scholar to minimize the extent of Yiddish literature, the author's extensive treatment of its writers is greatly in his favor.

However, the same cannot be said of his somewhat superficial aperçus on the relative merits of Hebrew and Yiddish as languages and literatures. Thus, he first premises that Yiddish is not in a class with Hebrew when

2. "I am the man who saw my ordeal."

it comes to poetry, and then proceeds to justify the conclusion. Yiddish poetry, he contends, "remained in the folk stage, and did not reach the level of national poetry" because "it drew its inspiration only from the Diaspora, and to a great extent from the material phase of that life; it did not reflect the Jewish soul in its entirety." (Vol. 4, Part I, p. 473.)

That appears to be a stereotype worthy of a fanatical "goy." The author would be hard put to it to find Hebrew poetry between the golden Spanish era and the Palestine-Israel era to compare with the poignancy, sophistication, and variegatedness of Yiddish verse. The values are no less inherent in Yiddish than in Hebrew; and it is not the poverty of Yiddish that is involved here; for Hebrew may be comparatively rich in metaphors (*melitsa*) but not in vocables. Nor is there any ground for supposing that the man of culture creating in Yiddish cannot rise to the level of sublimity in the same degree as the Hebrew poet. Yehuda-Leyb Gordon rated as the finest Hebrew poet of his age, perhaps in centuries, yet how many Yiddish poets in the past generation can be said to surpass him?

Waxman is similarly at fault when he speaks in the same vein of Yiddish publicistics, essays, criticism, and philosophy. He gives the impression that Yiddish is a poor medium of expression for such genres. While it is true that the non-belletristic fields are sparsely cultivated in Yiddish, the reason is not far to seek. The readers were, for the most part, workmen and untutored. Let us reflect that during the short period when Yiddish scholarship in USSR was subsidized by the government and was indentured to Russian and Ukrainian universities, the volume of solid books and articles in Yiddish was immense. There was no difficulty whatever in one's expressing abstract concepts and technical phrases in Yiddish. Alas, the science was one-sided and smacked of Marx and Engels and Lenin, but that is beside the point. The question at issue is whether Yiddish lends itself to philosophical essays.

It will occur to many a reader that Maimonides and Ibn-Gabirol apparently thought that Hebrew was not a suitable vehicle for philosophy when they produced their philosophical works in Arabic.

Hebrew, a beautiful language, in the Ashkenazic cadence, possesses no magic formula which Yiddish cannot lay claim to. It goes without saying that the more ancient language has the advantage of accumulated resources, but that is a matter of circumstance. Let the Yiddish scholars engage in research under the aegis of a university, if not under the protection of a government interested in its growth, and the result would parallel those in other cultures. What is lacking is the material support, not the linguistic potential. So far as publicistic essays are concerned, Yiddish has had the leading Jewish writers of the age, including Sokolow and Jabotinsky; and Peretz was successful in this genre, too. One could set up a roster of Yiddish publicists from the first years of an established Yiddish press at the beginning of the century (*Fraind* in St. Petersburg) that would compare favorably with that of the American press. The Yiddish idiom, in that respect, is superior to the Hebrew.

There is one feature of Waxman's method which must be sharply criticized, for it tends to reveal that the author is a *maskil* rather than the painstaking researcher who pursues a consistent procedure. I am referring to the helter-skelter spelling of names, and especially his following the German form of orthography. There is no reason in the world why the Hebrew "tsadi" should be written *z* (*mazzot*); why *Landslait* (in *Uncle Moses*) should appear as *Landsleute* (pp. 532, vol. 4, pt. 1); why the *w* is used constantly to designate the Yiddish *v*; why the Yiddish "shvartzet" should contain a *c*, while *geshtalt* appears as in German minus the *h*; why Yiddish words should be spelled as if they were Hebrew (Sephardic pronunciation) and German. And while these Yiddish words are Germano-Hebraized, Asch's name is invariably misspelled as

Ash. As a matter of fact, most of the Yiddish writers' names are misspelled. We find, for example, Apatoshu (for Opatoshu), Boraisha (for Boraisha), Briks (for Bryks), Zshitlokski (for Zhitlowsky), Sirkin (for Syrkin), Leiwick (for Leivick), Leiles (for Leyeless). Even the English writers come off a bit askew ("Monkowitz"); but when Mendele becomes a *moker seforim* and the name of the most popular Yiddish humorist is Anglo-Hebraized to *Shalom Aleikem*, our faith in the author's sound judgment, if not scholarship, begins to waver. This becomes all the more so when he resorts to all kinds of punctilious underpointing in keeping with philological practice, thus reminding us of the ancient Palestinian proverb (cited in the New Testament), "He strains at a gnat and swallows a camel." Only once is Peretz's name, no doubt inadvertently, spelled as it should be. Everywhere else it appears as Perez, although I had reason to believe that after my Peretz biography, anyone still clinging to the German form, begun in English by Leo Wiener, would cause a bit of eyebrow-raising.

Had Waxman made use of Roback's *Story of Yiddish Literature*, Peretz, *Psychologist of Literature*, *Curiosities of Yiddish Literature*, and *Contemporary Yiddish Literature*, he might have learned the correct spelling of the Yiddish names as well as the system of a uniform transliteration, later adopted by the YIVO. When Yiddish titles cited in English books are written as if they were German titles (see Bibliography), there is an implicit avowal that Yiddish is a corrupt German; and anyone who holds this view cannot be considered competent, at this late date.

It is certain, however, that Waxman is a friend of Yiddish and even more is he understandingly a lover of Hebrew, but why does he bring in modern German?

To conclude, the voluminous *History of Jewish Literature* is marked by a smooth style. The author does not argue. He merely tells the story in a more or less detached manner. Waxman proceeds at a leisurely

pace. The work is not inspired either in tone or in message. There are no striking passages which provoke thought; but as a digest of a whole literature it fully serves its purpose. Tsinberg delves more into the social and historical antecedents of the writers and their productions, while our author is disposed to acquaint us with the content of the writings; and, by and large, he does this well.

The reviewer and the author differ in many respects. It seems to me that the most important phases of the writer have not always been dwelt on or were slurred—as in the section on Peretz, where Waxman makes little of the symbolic drama *Bai Nakht oifn altn Mark*, a true masterpiece. Nor do we find much on the folk tales. In other connections, it is not easy to see why among the contemporary Hebrew, Yiddish, or Anglo-Jewish writers, this one is dwelt on and another, perhaps more meritorious, is omitted. No doubt, proximity has something to do with it. "Out of sight, out of mind" is as true here as in the more routine world.

One thing which is puzzling concerns the elimination of the material bearing on *Mishle Shlomo* or *Yidisher Tiraik* by Zalmen Ufhausen, published nearly 300 years ago. It has been cited in an earlier edition of Waxman's *History*, but, as I pointed out, with a number of discrepancies from the known facts, which might have easily been corrected. The book is the first publicistic work in Yiddish and could well stand translation into English because of the ingenious refutation of well-known anti-Semitic stereotypes.

To do justice to a 3000-page work in which a thousand or more writers are discussed is out of the question in a review. In the six volumes in five a vast deal of erudition is evinced, and it is to be hoped that this standard *History of Jewish Literature* will be periodically revised and enlarged until at least it is superseded by a collective *History of Jewish Literature* with departmental authors, because the material becomes too extensive for one man to cope with.

Cooper's Wooden Indians

By WARREN S. WALKER

IN HIS LATEST BOOK, *Apologies to the Iroquois*, Edmund Wilson gives a stirring account of the renaissance of the Iroquois in our time. He offers his, and our, belated apologies to a great people, apologies for the devious and unscrupulous means employed to deprive the Six Nations of their hereditary lands. But still further apologies are in order, I think, for if the Iroquois lost his lands and his political power to the invader, he also lost what to him, proud soul, was equally valuable—his good name. The "Mingo myth" in American literature has downgraded the Iroquois to the depths of infamy, and generations of readers have beheld in him treachery and ferocity incarnate. The creator of this myth was, of course, James Fenimore Cooper, one of our first novelists, the writer of *Leather-Stocking* fame. As Professor Paul Wallace recently observed:

For a hundred years *The Leather-Stocking Tales* cast a spell over the reading public of America and Europe, and determined how the world was to regard the American Indian.

And the world has too often regarded the Iroquois as the demons Cooper pictured them. It has taken as literal what he really intended to be allegorical—but that fact does not absolve him of all blame. What cannot now be excused can, nevertheless, be explained.

By the 1820's, when Cooper started to write about the Indian, there had accumulated a considerable body of lore about the red man—some of it indigenous to American life and thought, some of it the product of European social philosophers. Entering the symposium on the world's most celebrated aborigine at a relatively late hour, Cooper found the discussion already structured in terms of Primitivism and Anti-Primitivism. Wistful theorizing of European philosophers of the eighteenth century (Rousseau, Mon-

tesquieu, and Monboddo, among others) had established so strong an image of the Indian as noble savage that frontier realities over several generations had failed to obliterate its features. If settlers along the fringes of the forest knew better, urbanites and intellectuals along the seaboard still insisted in their poems and plays that many of the virtues to which the genteel aspired—honesty, kindness, sincerity, and faith—existed in their purest forms among the natives of America. To prove it, they cut out of the whole cloth of Primitivism Indian chiefs who not only exemplified these virtues but went further and offered sage and eloquent counsel to their decadent white brethren. There had been a precedent for such red missionaries in English Georgian literature, and now they became an American staple. As hard-headed a realist as Benjamin Franklin could occasionally bring himself to indulge in fantasy about the noble red man, and for such pre-Romantics as Crèvecoeur, Bartram, and Freneau, it took no effort at all. One example from Crèvecoeur's *Letter from an American Farmer* will serve to illustrate the general tenor of their remarks:

Without temples, without priests, without kings, and without laws, they are in many instances superior to us; and the proofs of what I advance are that they live without care, sleep without inquietude, take life as it comes, bearing all its asperities with unparalleled patience, and die without any kind of apprehension for what they have done, or for what they expect to meet hereafter. What system of philosophy can give us so many necessary qualifications for happiness?

Factual prose accounts pictured inhabitants of quite a different sort lurking in the dark recesses of the wooded American wilderness. From the pages of journals, letters, and newspapers emerged creatures so fierce, so cruel, so bloodthirsty, and so depraved that there seemed serious doubt about their

membership in the family of man. Minions of the Devil some thought them, while others felt that they belonged to a less enlightened order—that of the wild beasts. Even as intelligent a man as Hugh Henry Brackenridge could refer to them as "... the animals vulgarly called Indians."

Contributing heavily to this Anti-Primitivistic position were two types of repulsive-but-attractive stories: atrocity accounts, both accurate and embellished, such as home burnings, lootings, tortures, and massacres; and captivity narratives. The former were mainly of topical interest, disasters of the day, but the appeal of the captivity tale continued until it became a gruesome frontier classic. The fact that one of these narratives, the account of Mary Jemison, the "Golden-Haired Seneca," as she was called, went through twenty-nine editions, the last in 1942, gives some indication of the popularity of such stories. And some idea of their number can be gained from the fact that the Ayer Collection in the Newberry Library, Chicago, has more than five hundred narratives, including variants, among its holdings; and a private library in Maine (a collection I have not seen) lists an even greater number.

Born with this background of romance, philosophy, and history, Cooper's Indians were unlikely to be recognizable copies of flesh-and-blood aborigines—even if he had attempted to copy them from nature. That he made very little attempt to know them at first hand has by now been generally agreed. There is agreement also, however, that the resulting medley of fact, fabrication, and folklore created one of the major nineteenth-century myths about America. Cooper achieved this effect by developing powerful images to symbolize both extremes of feeling about the red man: sentiment which converted him into an exemplar of the fabled Golden Age, and horror which beheld in him little but animality and evil. And it was these images, endowed with fictive life, that became the *dramatis personae* for the furious intra-racial conflict which runs through all his Indian stories. Governor Cass would complain, on the one hand, that

Cooper idealized his red man right out of the woods and into the missionary school of the Reverend Heckewelder (his chief source), while Francis Parkman, at the opposite pole, would shudder at realism occasionally so stark it would "disgrace the shambles or the dissecting table" and make "ladies and young clergymen regard his pages with abhorrence." But let the average reader suspend his disbelief for a moment only, and he is swept into a mythical world with its own scale of values and its own inner reality.

Mohicans, Mohawks, Delawares, Onondagas, Hurons, Sioux, Pawnees, Wyandottes, Narragansetts, Wampanoags, Pottawattamies—these are among the entries on Cooper's roster of Indian tribes, but they are, in many cases, little more than names. At times they may be rough indices of geography, revealing the approximate locale of the action; seldom do they designate real distinctions in aboriginal culture. Nearly all of Cooper's red men, regardless of tribe or tongue, are subsumed under the simple dichotomy—patently artificial to even lay readers and painfully naive to anthropologists—of "good" Indians and "bad" Indians. Only with reluctance does Cooper allow his villains to reveal occasionally some admirable quality, and he seems to praise with faint damns the savage traits of his nobler natives.

For the villains of his Leather-Stocking drama—and neither fairy tale nor Gothic romance chilled readers with more terrifying tyrants—Cooper selected from among the Iroquois peoples. Whether members of the Six Nations or of a tribe tributary to their Confederacy (such as the Hurons and Wyandottes), the "Mingoes" are almost invariably the deadly foes of the protagonists. Worthy opponents they are, too, these aborigines whom Parkman called the "Romans of the New World," for their effective government and military prowess had made them in the sixteenth century the dominant force east of the Mississippi. But had the great historian viewed them through the eyes of conquered tribes, he might perhaps have labelled them the "Huns of the New World," so fierce and unrelenting were they in some

of their ways. Though no mention is made in the Leather-Stocking Tales of the cannibalism they purportedly practiced until as late as 1550, they are shown as little better than cave men eating their freshly killed game raw! "Iroquois — devils — Mingoes — Mengwes — or furies," says Natty Bumppo at one point in *The Pathfinder*, "all are pretty much the same. I call all rascals Mingoes." For their own purposes, he and his creator alike certainly call all red rascals Mingoes, and a more treacherous and bloodthirsty lot cannot be found anywhere in literature.

Juxtaposed with these Iroquois scourges of the wilderness are Cooper's well-known variants of the noble savage. They too, regardless of tribal affiliation, come consistently from one major Indian family, the Algonquin this time. Whether presented at their best, as we see them in the young Chingachgook and his dusky bride, or shown fallen on the hard times brought about by Iroquois domination, Anglo-Saxon invasion, and the white man's whiskey, the Algonquin, Delawares and Mohicans are easily identified as the descendants of those ideal primitives who so often peopled the imaginations of eighteenth-century philosophers. Bravery, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and sentimental love confirm their direct lineage from these projections of the white man's better self, and whatever characteristics might betray ignobility (within the framework of civilization) are rationalized by Cooper (in terms of cultural relativity) as "red gifts." Reader sympathy for the protagonists is gained not only by the appeal of such attractive qualities, but, less positively, by the pathos of their fallen political state in the Iroquois-dominated Indian world.

In collecting material for his portrayal of the Delawares, Cooper turned to *An Account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations Who Once Inhabited Pennsylvania and the Neighboring States*, published in 1819 by the Reverend John Heckewelder, a Moravian missionary who for years had lived and worked among these people. Cooper found in Heckewelder's his-

tory the Delaware explanation of their own decline and fall as a power. Only a rationalization, at first, demanded by tribal pride, the *apologia* acquired, with the retelling over many years, such an air of authenticity that the good missionary never doubted its accuracy. As the story was told to him in the lodges of the sachems, the Delawares and Iroquois had once fought each other to a stalemate. Unable this time to best their opponents by force, the Mingoes resorted to trickery. They somehow persuaded the unsuspecting Delawares to accept Iroquois protection, abandoning military pursuits themselves, to become a nation of mediators for all Indian disputes in the East and thereby benefactors of the whole race. Inasmuch as only a relatively small number would be needed to serve as mediators—these would be the ranking chiefs—the bulk of the Delawares were to pass their time in the peaceful occupations of hunting and tilling the soil. They were, in Indian terms, to assume the role of "women," no dishonor—at least before the white man came—in a strongly matriarchal society, but a signal honor. The offer was a magnanimous concession, supposedly, on the part of the then Five Nations—the Tuscaroras joined later—to their former enemies. Once they had thus succeeded in disarming the enemy they could not defeat, however, the Iroquois, according to this tradition, encouraged neighboring tribes to attack the defenseless Delawares until their numbers were decimated and their former power greatly reduced. Awakened to their predicament too late to effect a real recovery, isolated warriors of the Delawares struck back in hit-and-run guerrilla attacks on their oppressors.

It is a piece of pure folklore. Historians have demonstrated, as Mr. Wilson notes, that the Iroquois had, in fact, decisively defeated on the warpath all their neighbors to the south in New York and Pennsylvania — Susquehannocks, Mohicans, Delawares — bringing them under the Confederation in the 1660's or 1670's, and had required them, in token of their subservience, to send north annually tribute in wampum. But the legend

was precisely what Cooper needed to set the mood of his tragic myth. Doomed inevitably to defeat in the end, the heroic Delawares calmly demonstrate their nobility in the moral victories of unequal combat.

These two basic Indian types appear in clear contrast in all five *Leather-Stocking Tales*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*, now enjoying a TV run for the small fry, can represent the series. Here the Delaware and Iroquois qualities are embodied in the opposing characters of Uncas, "the last of the Mohicans," and Magua, the villain. Uncas is probably Cooper's most idealized red man. Strong-bodied, agile, swift of foot, and graceful in all his movements, he is displayed as a specimen of the flawless physique, a splendid figure, and frequent reference is made to his appearance:

... his dark, glancing, fearless eye, alike terrible and calm; the bold outline of his high, haughty fea-

tures, pure in their native red . . . and the dignified elevation of his receding forehead, together with all the finest proportions of a noble head, bared to the generous scalping tuft.

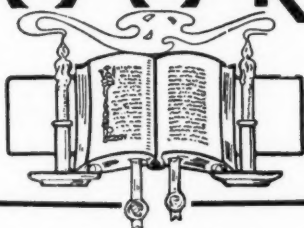
He has great promise as a warrior, young as he still is, but his first warpath becomes his last when he abandons discretion for chivalry in a vain attempt to rescue a white woman captive of the Mingoes. He is virtue personified. And his murderer, Magua—he is an adopted Mohawk—is, point by point, his antithesis in this American classic set in the colony of New York during the French-and-Indian Wars.

For his allegory of good and evil Cooper found in Heckewelder's works a legend that provided ready-made symbols in the Delawares and the Mingoes. Had he drawn from some other source, the Iroquois, forced to endure the loss of empire, might have been spared at least this final ignominy.

... No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen—to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. In saying this, I point to that which will make your study heroic. For I say to you in all sadness of conviction, that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who have never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtle rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army. And if this joy should not be yours, still it is only thus that you can know that you have done what it lay in you to do—can say that you have lived, and be ready for the end. . . .

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes
THE AMERICAN TREASURY
edited by Clifton Fadiman

B O O K S



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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM,
 179 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

***Dark Rider*, by Louis Zara. World Publishing Co. 505 pp. \$6.95.**

Sixty years after the death of a fellow-American literary craftsman, Stephen Crane, another novelist of unusual gifts, Louis Zara, has recreated for us the life and travails of the author of *Maggie*, *a Girl of the Streets*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Blue Hotel*, and other tales. It is an unusual book because, aside from the personality of his chief character, Crane, Zara has given us more than a mere glimpse into the life and manners of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He has made the reader a participant of the tortuous events of that era from the days immediately after the Civil War to the times when Theodore Roosevelt charged the Spaniards at San Juan Hill, the American government's early interest in Puerto Rico, and the emergence of our national sympathies and dislikes for the activities of the various contenders for political supremacy on the European scene. All of that and more, however, are but incidental to the author's unrelenting concern with the personality and achievements of his hero, Stephen Crane.

Stephen, one of the fourteen children of an itinerant Methodist minister—more than half of whom died before he came of age—was reared in Newark and elsewhere in New Jersey in an atmosphere of domestic oppression that brooked no toleration with learning unless the cultivation of same was based on a strictly sacerdotal interpretation of biblical precepts as understood or practiced by his parents. These permitted no books—Thackeray or Walter Scott, for instance—on the shelves of the family library. Corporal punishment was the lot of young Stephen for the slightest deviation from his preacher father's injunction against the reading of "Godless" literature.

Crane early rebelled against such discipline and his restless, brooding spirit made it impossible for him to see himself through the routine of a formal education. He attended four colleges in the East and left each after but a brief stay. He would be unshackled in pursuing an education. Upon the death of his father he tried early to earn a livelihood on his own. He did minor chores in reporting and writing on local newspapers and finally ventured on his own in New York.

Some of the most absorbing pages of Zara's book deal with the bohemian life of the writing fraternity of these days in the Big City. Young, destitute, seldom feeling that they are at the end of their tether, the aspiring novelists, artists, and poets of his day—nearly always on the verge of starvation—still, somehow, managed to survive and, frequently, save Crane from an untimely end for lack of food or shelter.

Crane wrote, and fought for recognition. The maturing youngster for a while sought for color and diversion in local bordellos. The hopelessness and plight of the forsaken, exploited females impressed him deeply and were later the basis of his first masterpiece, *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*. No publisher wanted to print it, but Crane, encouraged by the unstinted praise from some of his critical and erudite friends, published the story at his own expense. The book, unadvertised and ignored by contemporary newspapers, had no sale. Recognition of its excellence, however, came later. And later, too, came the *Red Badge of Courage*, a compelling story of a soldier and an incident in the Civil War.

With recognition came brief spurts of material prosperity—writing assignments such as the dealing with the horrors and effects of organized prostitution in New York, a

chore that cost Crane dearly in persecution by the corrupt New York police department. More and more literary journals and newspapers published Crane's stories. He was sent to Cuba as a correspondent to cover the then hostilities.

Frail, he early contracted a persistent chest malady but he carried on, constantly writing stories, poetry, and newspaper articles. In Florida, on one of his visits to a bordello, he met a madame, a woman with whom he fell in love and whose companionship he shared until his death. When he went to Europe as a correspondent for an American newspaper, during the Greek-Turkish War, she accompanied him on this journey as well as to England. Her tastes and his affection for her led him to agree to the maintenance of a large and expensive mansion in that country. To maintain it he wrote frantically. His illness worsened, and shortly after he had gone to Germany for therapeutic treatment, he died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-nine.

Dark Rider is a big book peopled with dozens of characters, thrilling, credible scenes of human dignity, and much depravity; and at the center of it is an important, lovable, and pathetic American man of letters, Stephen Crane. Aside from the artistic merit of the *Dark Rider* there persisted with me a feeling of wonder and respect for Zara, the technician and the research student who dug long and deep to bring forth the real Stephen Crane and the philosophy that impelled him. Not a single clue, it seems, to the man's character and to the influences which molded him escaped Zara's attention. He was thus able to depict—and not in an episodic manner—a complete human being rather than outline a mere portrait of an artist who in his own brief lifetime evoked the admiration of such distinguished writers as Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Henry James, and others. The late novelist Ernest Hemingway also paid homage to the realism of Crane's art and to the unerring veracity of the utterances and the performances of the men and women whom he created.

The writing is superb. I have, frankly, marked a number of passages for rereading for the sheer esthetic pleasure of the exercise.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

Israel Resurgent, by Norman Bentwich. Praeger. 255 pp. \$6.50.

As public legal administrator, writer, and teacher, Norman Bentwich was associated with Palestine and Israel for more than thirty-five years. In the early days of British rule he served as senior judicial officer of the British Military Administration, and during the Mandate period he held the Office of Attorney General of Palestine. From 1932 to 1950 he taught international relations at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Actually a revised and enlarged edition of the author's *Palestine*, published in 1934, and his *Israel*, issued in 1952, the new book surveys the historical background of Israel and analyzes the significant events which have taken place in the state from the time of its creation in 1948 until the end of 1959. Israel's problems have been many and severe: Arab invasion, blockade and boycott; heavy military budgets; huge influx of immigrants; lack of essential natural resources; shortage of industrial and farm labor; insufficient food, housing, machinery and transport; and unfavorable balance of payments. Political conflicts involving more than a dozen competing parties reflecting a variety of economic and religious philosophies have impeded stability. Difficulties regarding the status of Jerusalem, the plight of more than half a million Arab refugees, pressure exerted by outside Zionist organizations, and the heavy reliance on foreign financial aid have added to the nation's burdens. These matters are keenly, though tersely, taken up by Bentwich. In addition, his broad scope includes such other subjects as the influence of the State of Israel on the Jews in the rest of the world, relations with the United Nations, and the country's cultural development and social problems. Chapters on "The Social Order," "Education, Research and Archaeology," and "The Press, Literature and Art" reveal sharply Israel's emphasis on devotion to cultural achievements despite the precariousness of its existence and the multiplicity of its military, economic, and political harassments.

Internal political crises have kept Israel almost continually in the world's press, inevitably presenting authors of books dealing with the politics of the country and with the task of explaining the environment from

which these conflicts emerge. Bentwich has met the challenge ably, though somewhat sketchily because of space limitation.

The influence of English governmental and legal systems on Israel has been great. Its national and local governments are generally modeled on the British pattern; and the powers of the Cabinet ministers and the administrative procedures are, in large part, derived from English precedents. Israel's unicameral parliament, called the Knesset, resembles the English House of Commons, and is a powerful body which exercises control of the Cabinet and chooses the President of the state. Provision is made for habeas corpus, mandamus, and injunction; and, as under the Mandate, there is no jury system. Israel's Supreme Court enjoys complete independence of the Executive, but it may not pronounce upon the validity of national legislation. While the Knesset is supreme and the Supreme Court cannot invalidate its legislation, the latter has the power to make determinations as to the validity of legislation enacted by the municipal councils and also that of administrative interpretations of Knesset statutes. The Court can determine, too, whether acts of administrative officials are within the scope of their authority.

Although identified with Zionism's cause for many of his seventy-eight years, Bentwich displays unusual objectivity and frankness. He is critical of Israel's treatment of its Arab minority and of the attitude of Israel's leaders toward the Jews living abroad who prefer to remain in their native lands. His examination of the provoking aspects of the existence of the dynamic, democratic Israel amid feudal Arab countries is especially stimulating and informative. What is happening in Israel, observes the author, sharply aware of its tragic position in current international affairs, is significant not only for the Jewish people but for the whole world. Peace with her Arab neighbors, to be attained with the help of the United Nations, is morally mandated on Israel.

While not written particularly for the scholar, this clear and lively book can be read with interest and benefit by both scholar and general reader. For the scholar it bears the usual weakness of survey books

generally—too much ground covered with too little depth. This is most noticeably true in the chapters on government and the legal system totaling twenty-eight pages. The volume contains a short bibliography, an index, the texts of Israel's Declaration of Independence, Law of Return, Israel-Jordan General Armistice Agreement of 1949, and statistics on immigration, population, budgets, taxes and trade. There are no footnotes—a gap to students but increased readability for the general reader.

OSCAR KRAINES

A Faith for Moderns, by Robert Gordis.
Bloch Publishing Company. 316 pp. \$5.00.

Robert Gordis is one of America's most distinguished rabbis. For many years he has earned a reputation as a biblical scholar, a dynamic spiritual leader of a large congregation, and a teacher. Drawing upon his long experience in the pulpit, he has written this book for the benefit of the "seekers"—those "who stand within religion and without," and search amidst the challenge of our age for the rational meaning, if any, which religion can have for them.

In pursuit of this purpose, Rabbi Gordis discusses the more crucial areas of concern which are likely to trouble the sensitive person—the challenge of science, the nature of God, revelation, evil, morality, immortality, and prayer. In general, these are the problems which have troubled religious philosophy throughout the ages. But never has religion been challenged with such apparent strength as in our own times, and works such as this are necessary to meet the challenge.

In many ways, the views of Rabbi Gordis are traditional. Rejecting those who have abandoned the belief in a personal God, he affirms the role of God in human affairs. In other areas, although some traditional terminology is retained, there is a departure from orthodox views. This, for example, may be seen in his concept of revelation as a continuing process which we discover to no "external sign, but in the inherent validity of its message."

This ambitious undertaking is written in a lucid, appealing fashion. The result is most often quite creditable, particularly in some

of the discussion of the relationship of the scientific method to religion. At other times, such as in the chapter on evil, the development of the argument is much less satisfying.

Rabbi Gordis has undertaken a trying job—that of presenting a new guide, as it were, for today's perplexed. It is hard to measure the degree of success one might reasonably expect from this effort. One may suspect, however, that the truly confused and troubled will be left with a thirst yet unquenched. While this book is excellent in its treatment of specific issues, it does not present a unity of ideas which cuts to one core of the problem—the very relevance of religious values for our society, and the question of the spiritual values of religious life and their relation to the practical values so admired in our struggling society. Perhaps no book can be expected to deal with the value of religious living. It may be that only the example of living and the personal relationships between persons can be effective in this connection.

PAUL H. VISHNY

The Golden Peacock: A Worldwide Treasury of Yiddish Poetry. Compiled, translated, and edited by Joseph Leftwich. Yoseloff. 722 pp. \$6.95.

For years certain Jews belittled Yiddish writing as a literature of little worth; for almost equally long they have been predicting the imminent demise of Yiddish as a language. These skeptics need only to read this massive collection of Yiddish poetry—most of it written during the past two decades—to see for themselves that Yiddish literature possesses not only intrinsic merit but also irrepressible vitality. The new edition of *The Golden Peacock* contains representative poems of 140 writers from a dozen countries. Their translation into English, a truly heroic undertaking, was achieved for the most part with felicitous results. The reader who knows little or no Yiddish will find in this volume a veritable repository of representative poems written in Yiddish.

Although the anthology goes back to Eliahu Bahur of the sixteenth century and includes some of the best verses by most of

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the writers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the bulk of the poems were written in our own time. Though these poems clearly reflect and depict Jewish life in all its nuances, they sing little of the beauty of nature, the sweetness of love, the zest for sheer living—the common topics of non-Jewish poets. It is not often that a Yiddish poet sings for sheer joy, as does Schlome Schwartz, poetry editor of the *Forum*:

I want to harness a horse
And gallop along.
Let the wind rumple my hair,
While I sing my song.

More typical is Chaim Grade's positive expression of his own emotional perturbation. One of the best of our living poets, whose verses on the Nazi mass murders burn into one's heart, he wrote in "To Life I said Yes:"

Oh, frightened heart, why did you seek the sense,
The magic spell that life and death unites?
You could have been a singing bird
That sits upon his tree and makes short flights.

For the most part, however, Yiddish poets reacted sensitively and often passionately to the poverty and oppression suffered by their fellow-Jews in the Russian Pale, in the Polish cities and villages, and in the New York slums and sweatshops. The penury and pathos of their environment diverted their song from the personal lyric and the bucolic elegy. Unlike the poets of other peoples, they were impelled by an ethical zeal to protest and bemoan the misery affecting their fellow Jews and themselves. For only a brief period in the United States, where life became easier, did they permit themselves the pleasure of personal song.

Because the Yiddish poet cannot forget that he is first of all a Jew and must record Jewish life—consisting of much woe—his songs sting and singe. The catastrophe of mass slaughter in the Nazi concentration camps caused the poets to cry out in anguish and anger. Poem after poem in this anthology, a number by writers who were themselves victims of the bestial carnage or who survived by sheer good fortune, depicts the cataclysm with passionate indignation but also with pride and hope. They dwell not merely on the horrors of the gas chambers but on the heroic resistance and stoic fortitude of many Jews. Isaak Katznelson, a Hebrew poet who began to write in Yiddish

with the coming of Hitler, and who was killed in the Warsaw uprising, struck at the enemy with words of fire and execration. The three poems included in this anthology, found in manuscript after the war, pulsate with prophetic anger and outraged resentment. In "To Germany" he wrote in part:

Woe to you! You destroyed an unarmed people,
And your defenseless victims will sternly punish you.
They will have you tried by God's Court of Justice,
And sentenced for what you did and do.

We, the dead Jews, will settle on your shoulders,
And you will carry us when you have thrown away
your packs.

You murdered us when we were living
Now you will carry us dead on your backs.

These lines of woe and wrath, written with their heart's blood, are to be found over and over again in the pages of this anthology; though these poets expressed their anguish and indignation in their own style and in the light of their own personal experience or empathy, the effect of their dirges is like the wailing of Orthodox Jews at a Yom Kippur service—only heightened and idealized by the beauty of the verses. One must read these poems to appreciate the sensitiveness with which Yiddish writers depicted our tragic catastrophe.

The Golden Peacock is a treasury of Yiddish poetry—a book to be cherished by those who delight in the creative work of their gifted fellow-Jews.

CHARLES A. MADISON

The American Historian: A Social-Intellectual History of the Writing of the American Past, by Harvey Wish. Oxford University Press. 366 pp. \$7.50.

Within the past decade or so American history has become stylish and mass-produced. Our obsession with the past has ranged from an inane grinding out of Civil War memorabilia to popularly written, hastily researched (but usually crisply and vividly written) tracts dealing with isolated acts of melodrama of the past. Thus, we have braved Galveston storms, San Francisco earthquakes, the sinking of the *Maine* and *Lusitania*, suffered through draft riots, 1888 snowstorms, gold rushes to the Yukon, Pearl Harbor, and the obscure Philippine-American War of the turn of the century. All of this is to the good. These writers tend to satisfy the temporarily insatiable demand

for some connection with our rather mythical past. But it is also hardly history—at least in the grand manner and sweep of the eighteenth and nineteenth century historians.

To a large extent even our undergraduate schools seem to ignore any concentration on the historians of those years. As a matter of fact, since Michael Kraus's historiography went out of print no successful attempt had been made to weave their contributions into a narrative that tells the story of America's intellectual gyrations through the work of her historians. Professor Harvey Wish, of Western Reserve University, has now accomplished this, and there is little doubt that his work will remain the standard in the field for quite some time.

Many of the important historians are discussed here: early Puritans, Harvard's Jared Sparks, Mason Weems of the Washington myth: ("I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."); George Bancroft, who viewed the Revolution as an absolute moral crusade; Beard, Parrington, Turner, and many others. All of them are seen in the context of their times so that the excellent chapter entitled

"Ulrich B. Phillips and the Image of the Old South" traces the race question's different interpretations through the mirror of passing time and events. The early defenders of slavery gave way to the paternalists who, in turn, were succeeded by the indifferent "politicians of the progressive movement" who, "whether following the banner of Bryan, La Follette, Theodore Roosevelt, or Woodrow Wilson, reflected this atmosphere by their silence on the desperate status of the Negro in the South"; and these, in turn, gave way to the "brilliant and belligerent" W. E. B. Du Bois and his more moderate but equally indignant contemporary, Carter G. Woodson, who rejected Phillips's paternalism as an "inability to fathom the Negro mind."

We shall always need the kind of historical writing exemplified by the zealot abolitionist Hermann Eduard von Holst, who with all his deficiencies, "had no fear of expressing a definite philosophic position or of reaching conclusions." Fortunately, I believe, the academies still have an abundant supply of such people today.

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The Jews of Ancient Rome, by Harry J. Leon. The Jewish Publication Society of America. 378 pp. \$5.50.

The history of modern diaspora Jewry has essentially been a history of the world's great cities. The Jew has been irretrievably drawn to the metropolis. He has thrived on its million-footed pavements, having taken up its throbbing rhythms with stunning ease.

In a real sense, he has merely returned to the great city. He was long familiar with antique Rome, Alexandria, Mehoza, and Antioch. The life style that he developed in those cities was close to the pace and the ethos that he adopted in modern times. The modern Jew has chosen to imitate classic rather than medieval patterns. The simple men and women that peopled ancient Roman Jewry consequently emerge between Professor Leon's hedged pages with tremendous force. They have become immortal because they are once again contemporary.

Professor Leon's book immediately establishes itself as the best available short, English language handbook on Roman Jewish studies. It should be particularly useful to lay students who have long needed an updated, clear-cut introduction to this extraordinarily rich slice of Jewish history. The photographic appendix, recapitulated Greek and Latin inscriptions, and annotated bibliography supplementing the book are especially useful and merit close study. This volume is a fitting summation of Professor Leon's life-long study of Roman Jewry. It is distinguished by peerless mastery of all relevant epigraphic and archaeological sources. The work of Berliner, Schurer, and Juster, resting on questionable literary material, is overhauled by Leon's superior factual resources.

Our author is to be commended as much for what he refuses to write as for what he chooses to write. Clinging to extant physical evidence laboriously mined from Rome's Jewish catacombs, Professor Leon uncovers one past scholarly indulgence after another. He casts effective doubt on things no less sundry than the "celebrated" actress Faustina, the Portus Traiani community, and the Arca and Herodian synagogues. He considerably expands our knowledge in the act of

restricting it. Historic details aside, the book's prime value rests in its methodology, in its precise illustration of how one scholar's unfounded conjectures have been swallowed whole at second and third hand by other scholars.

This book holds up because Roman Jewry basically warrants interest. It was a borderline community, highly assimilated yet somehow intrinsically Jewish. Broken into heterogeneously assimilated layers, the community naturally subdivided into emigré Greek-speaking and native-born Latin-speaking groups. The Roman Jew typically passed through a two-stage assimilatory process. He was already Hellenized before reaching Rome and his Roman tenancy further transformed him and his children into passable Latins. This Talmudic scholarship being evidently slight, he was ritually not so much unobservant as inconsistent—very much like modern counterparts, paradoxically standing both within and without traditional law. Knowing even less Hebrew than most contemporary American Jews, he nevertheless clung to his community, fighting for its broad civic recognition at great social and financial cost. He was not the first, surely not the last, of a long line of believing but unorthodox Jews.

Roman Jewry never exerted pre-eminent influence after the manner of Alexandria's myriad community. For that very reason Rome stirs contemporary interest in a way Alexandria cannot hope to match. Alexandria was shot through with Jewishness where Rome, fat, sleek, and cosmopolitan, was only daubed with a Jewish tinge. New York and Chicago, despite their huge Jewries, are likewise only tangentially Jewish. They resemble Rome rather than Alexandria. They are pragmatic rather than mystic cities.

Organic Jewish life began shaping up in Rome fully five generations before Jesus. The community's thirst for life and endurance in the face of time testifies to a religious faith going beyond imaginable socio-economic bounds. Ancient Rome provides a prototype for Jewish survival that can be finally understood only against theological grounds.

FRANK ABARBANELL

Through Different Eyes, by Louis Baizer. New York Publishing House. 513 pp. \$5.00.

This novel written in Yiddish, as I view it, is an attempt to present variegated perspectives of the world of human on-goings through the eyes of several patients whose reflections, meditations, and activities take place under the roof of a hospital ward. Although written in Yiddish, this novel does not touch upon a single Jewish national theme or ethos. In fact, there is nothing in it, outside the accidental Jewishness of Mr. Fishbein, the principal character, that could suggest an emphasis or preoccupation with the uniqueness of the Judaic attitude toward life.

The power and chief merit of the book lie not in the plot, stylistic elegance, or suspense, but primarily in character portraiture. There is no elegantly selective language, nor galloping style, nor use of poetic allusions and onward rush of word-images. But one finds full-blooded characters, concrete, living individuals that are no mere ghosts or shadows of men and women caught in the embrace of inexorable fate. Each of the characters such as those of Waczlav, Miss Beard, Goldstein, Miss Feinstein, etc., is a vibrantly living individual depicted with no vague dreaminess or mystical shadows. Fishbein, the principal character, and a victim of an automobile accident, is skillfully portrayed directly through his own utterances, attitudes, and actions; and more subtly depicted as alluded to by the other characters. Fishbein lives by his own stature and in his own light, and just as fully in the attitudes of the others towards him and towards each other.

Fishbein, the untutored cloak-maker and presser, is portrayed as a detached but warm and sympathetic observer of the human scene, the possessor of practical and reflective wisdom. He utters no outworn clichés, nor does he suffer from the mental calcification of the eminent.

There seems to be no end to the aimless orbiting of stars and galaxies. What is the meaning of all this vast pilgrimage to unknown and distant spaces? And how is it possible that so insignificant a creature like man is capable of pondering over these inscrutable mysteries?

Small wonder that Dr. Goldberg, the resident physician, and Miss Feinstein, one of

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the nurses, saw in this very unordinary man a probing and perceptive mind.

The author displays a stark awareness of the evil proclivities of man. Man's inhumanity to man, Cain's lust for killing, is depicted in quiet, sad tones. Mr. Fishbein was an eye witness of the massacre of a Jewish settlement, Felshteen, by the Ukrainian nationalists. In recounting the pogrom Fishbein does not stampede into downright hysteria, nor does he excoriate the hatred and malevolence in man with frantic gestures of despair and forlornness: "If I were born a Ukrainian," says Fishbein, "I might have been transformed into a murderer of Jews; and he, the Ukrainian soldier, would take my place in this attic hiding like a little mouse from the cat."

None of the cast of characters in this novel evince deep moral passions or sentiments. There is, however, an alluring charm, a pensiveness in the cheerful pessimism of a Fishbein who counsels his fellow-patients in the hospital ward to resist and challenge fate. The reaction one gets is that the basic philosophy of a Fishbein is: to live, act, and think with some measure of nobility and dignity despite the pain and suffering one sees and feels all about him.

The ending of the narrative foreshadows the theme of the eternal recurrence of things: somehow there is hope for a happier reunion. Here we also find an affirmation of the worthwhileness of human strivings, moral promptings and stirrings—and all of this despite the pains and the misery of sickness.

This novel definitely belongs to the class of good books of 1959. It should earn the acclaim and gratitude of those who appreciate fine craftsmanship in portraying living characters, their feelings, sentiments, and hopes.

ERWIN BISER

Great Jewish Personalities in Ancient and Medieval Times, edited by Simon Noveck. B'nai B'rith Series: Vol. I. Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy. 351 pp. \$4.95.

Time was when the acquisition of a diploma meant the end of learning for most people. It spelled for the graduate a plunge

into the whirlpool of business, professional life, and the pursuit of possessions and status. That has now changed for many adults who find that the pursuit of mere acquisitions reaches a point of satiety. Ideas are more exciting and far more rewarding than things. Adults are dusting off their books. They are joining study groups in ever greater numbers. Jews, like their neighbors, are rediscovering the pleasures of reading, of study. In countless synagogues and temples, in community centers and private homes, courses for adults are being offered by teachers who were once forgotten men.

Tools are being readied. Books are being published, purchased, read, discussed, and analyzed. History comes to life. Philosophy beckons. Biography enriches our generation; and long forgotten names and places kindle the imagination and arouse long-dormant minds.

Now B'nai B'rith has entered the lists. It has projected a Great Books Series and secured the services of Dr. Simon Noveck as its editor. Here is a man eminently suited for

the project. Trained for the rabbinate, he served in a number of congregations, culminating in his holding the post of rabbi in the Park Avenue Synagogue in New York. He has lectured in the field of the social sciences at the College of the City of New York and modern Jewish history at the Jewish Theological Seminary. He has been a magazine editor and author. He edited *Judaism and Psychiatry* and wrote *Adult Education in the Modern Synagogue*.

The book here reviewed deserves serious consideration. The purpose, states Dr. Noveck, in his introduction, is "to present . . . heroes of the ancient and medieval periods . . ." The following heroes are selected for this literary portrait gallery: Moses, David, Jeremiah, Philo, Akiba, Saadia, Halevi, Maimonides, Rashi, Abravanel, Baal Shem Tov, and the Vilna Gaon. This is an important and significant collection of towering personalities without whom world history and Jewish destiny would have been impoverished, drained, and depleted. They are Olympians, scholars, saints, leaders of men. We bask in their

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greatness. We salute their genius. And unworthy as we may be to inherit their ideas and emulate their example, we are nonetheless their heirs, the custodians of their priceless gifts, the lineal descendants of their seed.

The plan of the book is simple. Unostentatiously the editor presents each personality in his historical setting. Then the biographer, chosen with consummate editorial skill, takes over.

Here are familiar names also—men of singular achievement and scholarship. Many of them are personally known to this reviewer, and it would be a signal pleasure to list them all, to salute deserving friends. They were chosen on the basis of unique scholarly attainments and experience. Each biographer had in the past associated his literary work and scholarship with his present subject. Thus he expresses a spiritual kinship, an inner oblation, a fusion of his personality with that of his protagonist; so that in one volume we sense a rapport, an identification, an obeisance and reverence which plunge us delightfully into a world we need to know, a world from which most adult Jews have been self-chosen exiles.

Let us meet the authors of these splendid essays. Salo W. Baron, a luminary among Jewish historians of our generation and time, is the author of many volumes of history and editor of other volumes. His *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*, of which eight volumes have appeared to date, has permanently enshrined him in Jewish literary annals. His brilliant essay on Maimonides, which marked that sage's octocentennial, is unforgettable. Samuel M. Blumenfeld, known to Chicagoans as the former President of the College of Jewish Studies, wrote the essay on Rashi based on his previously published book. Louis Finkelstein, esteemed Chancellor of the Jewish Theological Seminary, is widely acclaimed as an author, philosopher, and editor. His four-volume work, *The Jews: Their History, Culture, Religion*, is an enduring monument. He has here gleaned from his Akiba. Jacob S. Minkin wrote a number of significant books of which this reviewer's favorite is his *Abravanel*. Louis I. Newman is at home in the world of scholarship, yet has a great spiritual affin-

ity for the evanescent, rarified, tenuous world of ecstasy, vision, mysticism—the world which takes to its heart the Psalmist's cry: "O look to Him and be radiant!" He knows Kavanah. He knows the true meaning of inwardness. "Love, in the judgment of the Besht, is the cardinal thing," says Dr. Newman, thereby handing the Jewish gleaner in strange vineyards a just and well-deserved rebuke.

Meyer Waxman, former Chicago teacher, scholar, and friend salutes the Vilna Gaon, dipping into the well of learning which has long been his source of strength. But he does even more than evoke the spirit of the Genius of Vilna. He pays reverent tribute to that splendid center of Jewish erudition in the Diaspora—to Lithuania where books were holy objects, where scholars were revered and the ancient Jewish way of life cherished and enshrined.

To your books, adult students! There is yet hope that your isolation and detachment from Jewish knowledge need not enfold you as in a dense fog. In these pages there is a light kindled. It will lead you from the darkness of indifference into a world shimmering with an ineffable glow.

ANITA LIBMAN LEBESON

The Schools, by Martin Mayer. Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 446 pp. \$4.95.

The title of this book hardly suggests anything more than another routine report on education. But this latest work of Mayer's is truly an absorbing analysis of comparative education in our society. In fact, most readers will readily agree with William Jovanovich, the president of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., that this is the best book on American education written since World War II. Unlike so many armchair experts who have been berating the nation's schools in recent years, Mayer makes his narrative an accurate and well-balanced portrayal of the often maligned American schools. Thirty months were spent in gathering material for the book. During this time Mayer observed some 150 classrooms in the United States, England, France, and the Scandinavian countries, interviewed more than 1500 indi-

viduals involved in the education of the young, and digested volumes of educational literature.

Most interesting to this reviewer are the verbatim accounts of what transpired in the selected classrooms. Both "traditional" and "progressive" educational theories are represented in the observed classrooms. One senses in these reports not only the sharp contrasts in the performance of pupils and teachers but also the complexity of our contemporary school problems. Quite apparent, too, is the unevenness in educational progress found in the different countries visited by Mayer. Perhaps the most important revelation of these class demonstrations is the significance of the quality of the teacher in directing learning, rather than the kind of teaching device.

It is not surprising to find some errors of fact in a work of this scope. It is no doubt true that school principals in large school districts do not find time to teach. However, it is common to find teaching principals in small schools. The statement on teacher tenure, too, requires explanation. Tenure does not provide an absolute right to continue on the job; it does, however, protect the teacher against arbitrary dismissal. Contracts of teachers have been terminated for various undesirable school behavior. Moreover, not all states have enacted teacher-tenure legislation.

In *Toto*, educators and laymen alike will profit from reading this excellent commentary on elementary and secondary education. The center of attention throughout the book is the general problem of teaching and learning. The many questions that Mayer raises about the curriculum, methods of teaching, tests, and teacher training are basic. Professors of education, as well as specialists in the academic fields, rightly share the blame for the depicted weaknesses in education. In this connection, the chapter on learning is an indictment of current doctrines in psychology for failure to "develop self-consistent learning theories," a failure which is attributed, in part, to the limited research in learning theory. This lack of research in so vital an area is quite properly related to the preoccupation of psychologists with other subjects of inquiry which are more

likely to produce "publicity, position, foundation grants."

In addition to the conventional topics, Mayer discusses the much publicized educational innovations: team teaching, television, and teaching machines. Although the potential value of the subsidized projects is not denied, the danger which is made evident is that the over-emphasis on technology will decrease the available time sorely needed for basic educational reform in method and content.

For anyone concerned with the future of American education, this is an indispensable book. By no means is this a cry of despair. As Mayer brings out in the final pages, education does improve, slowly to be sure, over long periods of time until there emerges an "unimaginable gap" in achievement in learning between centuries. The challenge of the book lies in the fact that it invites a deliberate examination of what our schools are doing and, more important, what must be done to improve them in the immediate years.

JOHN M. BECK

Sowing: An Autobiography of the Years 1880 to 1904, by Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 220 pp. \$4.50.

Accompanying the spate of critical revaluations which marked the stock-taking, reassessing impulse of English letters in the fifties was an equally fulsome stream of memoirs and autobiographies. Reminiscence, of course, will often follow in the wake of revaluation as a form of counter-attack or self-justification by those who feel their own literary stock to be on the wane. Or else, fused with a revaluating motive, reminiscence may serve to deepen the argument and tone of the critical newcomer.

But whether they be graduates of the literary generation of the thirties, like William Plomer and John Lehmann, or members of the most recently arrived generation, like John Wain and Colin Wilson, these memoirists look back in common, and in awe, to the period of the founding fathers of modernism. For between, roughly, 1880 and 1910, giants like Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Freud, Chekhov, Shaw, Dewey, and

Picasso had already produced the anchor works on which the most advanced developments in the arts, in psychology, and in education would depend. And in the 1880's were born those who, as the giants' immediate heirs, would follow through with an achievement of their own which would make the twenties the most variously creative decade of modern times.

Himself an eighties' baby, and as publisher, editor, and political theorist, a charter member of the second wave of modernists, Leonard Woolf has come along with one of the neatest and most attractive of recent autobiographies. Unlike the younger writers, his own sense of the founding fathers is neither distraught nor dully worshipful. Thus, he can describe the dazzling effect of Henry James's fiction on himself and his friends while also noting the element of unreality in his circle's effort to emulate James's prose style. He notes, too, a needlessly stuffy component in the novelist's make-up, and concludes: "... the niceties and subtleties of his art belonged to the movement of revolt . . . [but] . . . he was never really upon our side in that revolt." On "our side" were Shaw and Ibsen and Hardy and Swinburne; Woolf liked to chant Swinburne's verses in moonlit gardens. That his reader may find such likings old-fashioned does not distress him, for "to make a fuss or a song about being up-to-date is the sign of a weak mind or intellectual cold feet." This, interestingly, from the man who, together with his wife, Virginia Woolf, set and published the first edition of T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*.

Woolf's own style combines balance and strength. It is free of that humorless, preening "frankness" which, in Stephen Spender's autobiography, becomes a substitute for insight or real distinctiveness. It is also free of an unwarranted portentousness. Although titles like Spender's *World Within World* or Day Lewis' *The Buried Day* are intended to suggest marvelously remote depths of vision and sensitivity, they are affixed to works which are, in fact, abstract and tinny in tone, and wobbly in structure. In contrast, an unobtrusive title like *Sowing* points the way to a unified progression based on an awareness of the facts and consequences of

one's own character. We can look forward to forthcoming volumes on *Garnering* and *Reaping* which will complete Woolf's clear-eyed self-portrait.

In *Sowing*, Woolf describes his family and school life. His grandfather was an English Jew who ran several tailor shops in London and whose death certificate records his occupation as "gentleman." He had a large family as did Leonard's father, who himself married into an equally large Dutch Jewish family. This memoir contains a series of interesting vignettes of late-Victorian family life, including the flourishing Stephen and Strachey households, into whose orbit, through marriage and friendship, Woolf would be drawn.

Towards his Jewishness, as such, Woolf takes a perfunctory stance, and towards the gentlemanly code of his forebears and friends he is positively aloof. Not that his sense of identity is remarkably ungentlemanly—he is very much in the tradition of the gentleman when he writes: "I have always felt in my bones and brains and heart English, and, more narrowly, a Londoner, but with a nostalgic love of the city and civilization of Athens." Woolf's education was traditional enough; and he remembers it with a closeness of detail not unusual among English autobiographers. He describes with a kind of mortified relish the cramming sessions which a youngster who would "go up" to the university level had to undertake, and recalls too the roster of eccentric tutors who oversaw such "cramfests."

At Cambridge University, Woolf joined a circle of *littérateurs* and pundits which included Lytton Strachey, G. E. Moore, and G. K. Chesterton. Again, his recall of the atmosphere of the group, its idiosyncrasies and reticences, is vivid, and well done. But that high-toned anti-Semitism which was an inescapable aspect of the "refinement" of such university circles at the time is not remarked on. The later volumes, which move beyond the discreet bounds of university life, may touch more on this.

Less "shy"—and greater—figures than Strachey or Moore, like Bertrand Russell and Leslie Stephen, also appear. Stephen's daughter Virginia, who was to be as dedicated to breaking through the naturalistic

base of the novel as her father was to maintaining that base in philosophy, is briefly introduced. In the memoirs of younger writers, she is treated with reverential woodenness as a monument or wraith, rather than as a flesh-and-blood individual. One hopes Woolf's next volume will offer a deeper and more precise presentation of a woman whose life contained the seeds of both art and tragedy. Here, Woolf notes quietly that her portrayal of her father in *To The Lighthouse* as an absent-minded character brooding continually about whether his researches in his field are quite as up-to-date as those of his rivals is "rather unfair" (see the paragraph above in which Leonard Woolf's view on being up-to-date is quoted). And in all fairness, one is bound to note that the atmosphere in which Virginia Woolf was able to achieve her own tenuous and, perhaps (in both senses of the term) overwrought, fiction, was one charged by the presence of two such steady, no-nonsense rationalists as her father and her husband.

THEODORE J. ROSS

Anthropology of Folk Religion, edited by Charles Leslie. Vintage Books, XXII + 453 pp. \$1.65.

This book is a most welcome addition to the rapidly growing number of volumes on anthropology available in paperback. Professor Leslie made a judicious selection from the writings of nine outstanding modern anthropologists dealing with the role and function of religion in the socio-cultural context of folk societies. The samples brought together in this volume cover two African societies (by Meyer Fortes and E. E. Evans-Pritchard), three in India (by Milton Singer, McKim Marriott and David G. Mandelbaum), two in the South Pacific (by Gregory Bateson and Raymond Firth), and two in the New World (by Robert Redfield and Alfred Métraux). While this reviewer regrets the omission of two important world areas—the Middle East and Southeast Asia—he readily admits that the collection as it stands is representative enough of both the variety in the folk religion analyzed and the signifi-

cance of the personal experiences of the field workers emphasized by the editor in his Introduction (p. viii).

Of all the interesting insights afforded in this volume, the reviewer could not help being greatly impressed for the second time (he was impressed first when he read it in the Cambridge University Press edition in 1959) by Professor Meyer Fortes' use of Oedipus and Job as the two antithetical archetypes (or "paradigms" as he puts it) of religious world-view, in his study of the folk religion of the Tallensi, a people in West Africa living south of the great bend of the Niger River. Oedipus epitomizes the Greek belief in Fate as an impersonal power, supreme over gods and men and unresponsive to human conduct to the extent that the question of the individual's responsibility or guilt does not even seem relevant. Job, on the other hand, expresses the Hebrew idea that the good and the evil that accrue to man are the rewards and the punishments meted out by God, omnipotent, personified, just, and merciful. The lesson taught by Job is that God is not only the creator of the universe, but the very source of righteousness and justice; that however virtuous a man may feel himself to be, he cannot measure himself against God to disannul His judgment or to condemn Him in order to justify himself. When Job realizes this, he is saved. He does not admit that he was guilty of actions that are wicked by ordinary human standards. But he does admit that he sinned when he placed himself on a footing of equality with God by judging for himself what is right and wrong. And, having admitted this, he accepts God's omnipotence and his own dependence on Him. Therein lies Job's salvation.

This is how Professor Fortes understands Job, and in that way he has put biblical scholars and historians of Hebrew theology in debt to him, not to mention the general anthropological and methodological value of his use of Job and of Oedipus as "paradigms" for a sensitive analysis of Tallensi religious concepts.

RAPHAEL PATAI



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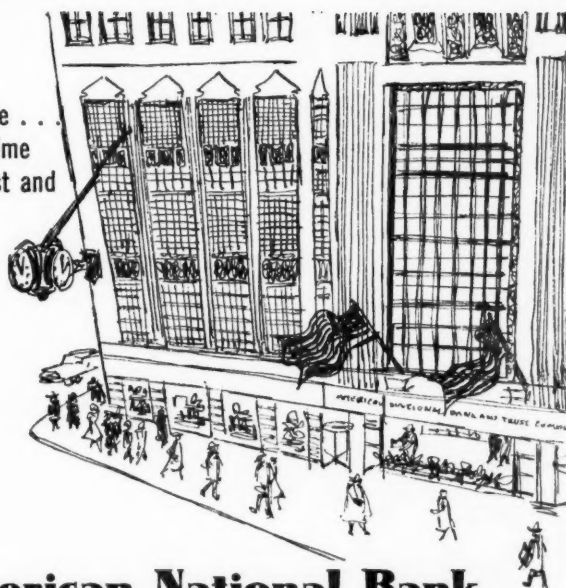
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Before me a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared BENJAMIN WEINTROUB, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner, editor and publisher of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations.

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher—Benjamin Weintroub, 179 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill. Editor—Benjamin Weintroub. Managing Editor—none. Business Manager—none.

That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Benjamin Weintroub, 179 W Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown was: 1190.

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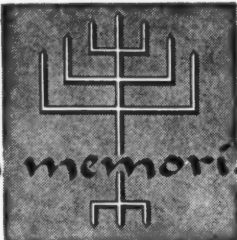
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